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(A Supplement will be issued with the next number.)

NOTES.

THE German Emperor's challenge has certainly done us no harm. It has had the following results. It has forced us to face the fact of our isolation in Europe, and this has at once been followed by an awakening to the greatness of our responsibilities and by a firm determination to meet them manfully. The naval and military preparations show all the promptitude and energy that the situation demands. The Flying Squadron is a powerful one, and will very shortly be ready for sea. The military reinforcements should be at the Cape soon after the middle of the month. The tone of public opinion in England has been excellent. True to-day in the England of Victoria, as in the England of Elizabeth, are Shakspeare's stirring lines—

"Come the three corners of the world in arms
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

It is not only the German Emperor that is in the dark as to the strength of Great Britain. The "Times" published on Monday a letter from "A German in England," declaring that Germany hates England because she cannot win her alliance, and then proceeds, "Europe is a camp, and if it came to fighting, England, with all her wealth and position, would rank as a second-class Power, because she has not the number of soldiers, not [nor?] sufficient armament for a great struggle." And, therefore, we are told, "with that growing hatred of England on the Continent a kind of contempt for her has grown." But this "German in England" contradicts himself. If England is only a second-class Power, why should Germany get so angry because she cannot secure her as an ally? Germany does not rage against Spain because Spain has not joined the Triple Alliance, nor does the Kaiser write insulting messages about the Portuguese. The truth is that German military pride, combined with the trading German's envy of British commerce and the British Empire, make him try to believe that England is a second-class Power; but in his heart he knows better. He knows that now, even more than at the end of the Napoleonic wars, England is the Arbiter of Europe. Her alliance would make the Triple Alliance invincible, and were her aid given to Russia and France, the German hegemony on the Continent would be doomed.

The Queen's Message to President Kruger is admirably timed and admirably worded. Mr. Chamberlain telegraphs to Sir Hercules Robinson, "Give the following Message to the President of the

South African Republic for me:—I have received the Queen's commands to acquaint you that Her Majesty has heard with satisfaction that you have decided to hand over the prisoners to her Government. This act will redound to the credit of your Honour, and will conduce to the peace of South Africa and to the harmonious co-operation of the British and Dutch races, which is necessary for its future development and prosperity." This Message is intended as a well-deserved compliment to President Kruger, whose attitude and action ever since Jameson's unhappy raid have been perfect in dignity and courtesy. It is intended also to encourage that harmonious co-operation of the British and Dutch races in Africa's development so deeply imperilled by the Chartered Administrator's abortive attempt to capture Johannesburg. In this Message, as, indeed, in every act at this critical juncture, Mr. Chamberlain's hand is perfectly plain. He is the strong man of the Cabinet, and in these stirring times he completely overshadows his colleagues. An official Cromwell, he may be depended upon to do justice, and to maintain the power and prestige of England in any emergency.

One of the noticeable things of the battle at Krugersdorp was the shooting on both sides. The Boers' shooting, if we may judge from the reports, was extraordinary in its accuracy. Over eighty killed and thirty-five wounded is a proportion between killed and wounded seldom, if ever, approached. It is not generally understood that the ordinary proportion of killed to wounded in European warfare is as one to four. The vital parts of the body, too, are in extent as one to four. The proportion of killed to wounded naturally increases as the shooting improves. The shooting of the Chartered men, as the Boers were lying down behind natural breastworks of rock, produced but little result. Still, if there were three killed to five wounded, it would seem that there were two or three good shots present, while the remainder of Jameson's force simply blazed away their ammunition wholesale and without effect. The fatal dearth of cartridges next day when the Boers met the Chartered men face to face was probably in part caused by the use of the Lee-Metford rifle. The temptation with ordinary troops is to waste their ammunition, and the use of the Magazine rifle is certainly against a steady aim and in favour of wild and hasty shooting. The lesson for us should be that in modern fighting everything depends on the marksmanship. A very large army if it shoots badly cannot stand against a small force of really trustworthy shots. Our own army, if we are not mistaken, has no chance of attaining real marksmanship, for an altogether inadequate amount of cartridges is allowed to each man. The soldier ought to use in a fortnight's practice what we allow him for a year's shooting. This short-sighted parsimony in a matter which is of para-

mount importance to the efficacy of our army, will, we trust, be corrected now that we have such a really practical and farsighted soldier as Lord Wolseley for Commander-in-Chief.

"There *was* a Palmerston," observed Disraeli, about the time when Lord John Russell turned Lord Palmerston out of his Government for recognizing Napoleon's *coup d'état* without consulting the Cabinet. A great many good people are going about shaking their heads, and saying there *was* a Rhodes. But a month or two after Disraeli's sarcasm Lord Palmerston turned Lord John Russell out of office, and a year or two afterwards old Pam was Premier. And so it may be with Mr. Rhodes; he is not finished, though for the moment his enemies are triumphing over him. He never will be finished, say his friends, until he is President of a United South Africa, which is the dream of his heart, and which, perhaps, he is nearer realizing than ever he was before.

Those who play at bowls must expect rubbers, and Mr. Rhodes has played so vigorously that he has given a good many other people rubbers. Now his turn has come; but a strong man is never finished by a single blow. And Mr. Rhodes is strong with the strength of a coarse, ruthless, greedy egotism, the strokes of whose piston-rod force the minds and the money of weaker men into its reservoir. As he was at Oriel twenty years ago, so he is at Cape Town to-day—lonely, self-absorbed, irritable, and not to be relied upon. He hates women, whom he regards as unnecessary impedimenta in the campaign, and he has no idea of friendship: he only recognizes instruments to be used and enemies to be dealt with. Success accentuated his defects to the point of disease, and made him so irritable, so self-absorbed, and so insolent that none but parasites could live with him. Yet Mr. Rhodes could at any moment command the Dutch vote throughout South Africa, on one condition—the renunciation of his allegiance to England. And who shall say what effect upon an already morbid temperament might be produced by a drop too much of Chamberlainine?

Talking of deals, we cannot help wondering that Mr. Cecil Rhodes never thought it worth his while to deal with Mr. Labouchere. There certainly was a time when Mr. Labouchere was no more disinclined than other people "to make a bit": and perhaps, if he had been properly approached, the Member for Northampton might, like the Matabeles, have "joined with the Chartered Company," to borrow the incomparable phrase of Mr. Rhodes at the last Cannon Street meeting. But, somehow, the Incorruptible One was badly handled from the start, and in consequence he has never regarded the Chartered group with a friendly eye. "Robber," "pirate," and "butcher" are some of the mildest epithets which Mr. Labouchere has lavished upon the hitherto successful adventurer, who has undoubtedly been "caught out" at last. That Mr. Labouchere should take President Kruger and the German Emperor under his protection is quite in keeping with his childish love of paradox, and must explain to the dullest the reason why he is a nullity in the House of Commons. But should Mr. Labouchere succeed in his intention of procuring a parliamentary inquiry into the history of the Chartered Company, there will be some queer revelations, not only as to the invasion of Johannesburg, but as to the original allotment of Chartered shares.

The limelight has been shifted away from the Armenians so completely that even the National Liberal Club Committee declines to hold a meeting in the interest of their cause. The British fleet might as well be ordered westward from Salonika, because everything is over in the Levant. England's intentions, official as well as popular, were excellent, but from first to last she was powerless to do any real good. The Continental Powers are in their several ways as moral and generally respectable as we are, but they do not thrill so readily at appeals to the humanitarian side of things. They were not unwilling to take cognizance of the Armenian massacres; but they were resolute in declining to allow any measures to be taken which did not promise profit of some sort, direct or indirect, to

themselves. Under these circumstances, England's persistence in the assumption that something disinterested was going to be done became first tiresome, and then ridiculous. The Armenian business will now be left severely alone, we imagine.

The Venezuelan difficulty continues to augment the receipts of the Atlantic cable companies, but there are increasing and welcome signs that the peoples of the two countries understand each other now pretty well, without further discussion. The fact that our own views on the subject have undergone a change has been commented on. We admit frankly that our views have changed, and we take our own course in the matter as fairly typical of that of the English public in general. We English cannot fight the whole world, and we prefer to make up a quarrel with our kinsmen in order to be free to deal vigorously with the foreigner. It turns out, too, that only nine years ago there was an official British policy, differing largely from that now outlined by Lord Salisbury, and we see, moreover, that what the Americans have asked us to do is substantially to reconcile these two policies, and in some fair way end the ancient dispute once for all. The mode of asking was rude, no doubt, but then our procrastination has been excessive. Nothing has really happened which two great nations, who at heart abhor the very dream of war with each other, cannot ignore in a common effort to settle this stupid difference. The suggestion of a permanent joint tribunal of arbitration is a good one—perhaps the best to be hoped for.

Nothing more has been heard of the report that Russia was about to occupy Port Arthur, which created so much stir a few weeks ago; but it appears certain that she has obtained, from China, permission to use the better harbour of Kiaochiao, on the coast of Shantung, as a winter resort. So far, no one can reasonably object. It is inevitable that a great Northern Power should insist some day on getting access to a port which is not frozen, like Vladivostock, in winter. At the same time, we hear that the wish of the British merchants in Hongkong that the West River, which runs across Southern China from Yunnan to Canton, should be opened to trade, is likely to be granted. The Chinese have as yet refused to make this concession; but Sir Nicholas O'Connor, on his way through Shanghai in November, stated that they were beginning to view the project more favourably.

We are at length learning in England what Republican morality is like. The Democratic Government of the United States—and by that we mean the Government of the lowest class—has so infected all classes that it seems as if America were unanimous in approving of war with England on grounds that appear to every common-sense person ludicrously insufficient. Of course, there are business men in New York and in the great cities who, for selfish reasons, object to such a war, but such objections only strengthen our case. There is no general condemnation of President Cleveland's Message to America on the ground of a high morality. The press of European countries is uniformly unfavourable to England. This press has already declared, with a unanimity which is all the more striking because it finds expression in half a dozen different languages, that President Cleveland's proposal of a Commission was absurd, and that the war threat in the concluding paragraph of his Message was a gratuitous outrage. We can gauge, therefore, the level of the intelligence and character of the American people from the undivided support they have given to both the proposal and the threat. The moral drawn from this in Europe will be that it is not with impunity the best in a nation suffers the domination of the worst; a Republic is teaching us the reasons why we should avoid Republican institutions.

The Irish "Round Table" made a good start on Tuesday, and, if properly handled, this little committee of practical men, Unionists and Home Rulers, sitting together from time to time, with no reporters present, may do more for their country than all the Movements, Leagues, Federations, and Conventions that were ever started. It is something to have drawn Wexford Nationalists, Connaught landlords, Dublin cattle-traders, and Belfast linen-spinners into a friendly Council from which

politics are rigidly barred out, and Mr. Horace Plunkett has good reason to be satisfied. Meanwhile, the spouters may be left to the congenial task of throwing mud at each other. "At present," as Mr. Field, M.P., said, "while political warfare engaged the attention of every member in the House, commercial matters were almost totally unattended to." Up to the present, indeed, the commercial achievements of the Home Rule party have been confined to the founding of New Tipperary, the ruining of the "Freeman's Journal," and the spending—on themselves—of the party funds. Such vulgar questions as railway rates, and banking facilities, and industrial and agricultural development were beneath their notice.

The time is favourable, for there are signs that Ireland is at last turning the corner. The famine of fifty years ago was a knockdown blow, and the agricultural depression that set in in 1876 was another. The official returns for the past year show, however, that there is at least a prospect of recovery. Banking returns, railway traffic, manufactures and agriculture are all improving, while emigration has fallen in volume one-half since the early 'eighties. Very much still remains to be done before the country can be regarded as on a sound footing; but the omens are favourable, and if only the politicians and rhetoricians could be relegated to a padded room, and left to practise their horrid arts on each other, there would be great hopes for what ought to be the dairy farm as well as the cattle ranche of England. The situation is one for business men to deal with, and the carrying Companies will first have to be tackled. What does the Round Table say to the fact that a ton of woollen goods can be carried from London, across the Atlantic and a thousand miles inland, for 35s., whilst to Gweedore, in Co. Donegal, the same parcel would cost 120s.?

Even if England were not preoccupied with her own immediate affairs, it cannot be asserted with any confidence that the existing Canadian Ministerial crisis would excite any profound feeling over here. Since Sir John Macdonald's death there has been no political figure to arouse our interest in Dominion politics, if we except the elder Sir Charles Tupper, and he has lived so much in London of late that one associates him only vaguely with Canadian interests. The present situation at Ottawa is unusual, even for Canada. The seven Ministers who ratified the Government programme for the Session announced in the Governor-General's speech to Parliament on the 2nd inst., united on the 4th to give in their resignations to Sir Mackenzie Bowell. There is, it is true, the usual hint at corrupt railway dealings, which seems never absent from party complications in the Dominion. In this instance, however, there is only an obscure suggestion of scandal in the background, and the avowed purpose of the resignations is to force Sir Mackenzie Bowell to retire from his post as Premier and leader of the Conservative party. It might be thought that his name in itself was a sufficient ground of objection to him; but it is, besides, alleged against him that he is weak, temporizing, lacking in "magnetism"; in short, as Mr. Labouchere said of Lord Rosebery, that he is "second-rate."

The most interesting point in this Ministerial revolt is that it is avowedly designed to make Sir Charles Tupper Premier. This experienced and very astute old gentleman could have had the post at almost any time since Macdonald's death. He has preferred instead to represent Canada in London or Washington, and let his son represent the family in Ottawa politics. As this son, who is also Sir Charles, is one of the resigning Ministers, it is a reasonable assumption that his father has consented to undertake the task. It will be no easy job for even the elder Tupper to restore confidence and effective organization to the Canadian Conservatives, and win a victory at the coming elections. But if it is to be won at all, he is clearly the one man to do it.

When the present Duke of Leeds entered the House of Commons about eight years ago, "the elegant Carmarthen," as Horace Walpole styled his ancestor, was the most boyish-looking member of that assembly.

Brixton is the quintessence of villadom, and peopled by that section of the middle class which is socially most difficult and touchy. The good-natured youth had to submit as best he could to being addressed as "My dear Carmarthen" by the local dentist, though at the Lambeth Carlton, where he transported the tradesmen with delight by lounging in occasionally to play a game of billiards, he was always spoken of and to as "the Marquess." And verily he had his reward, for his majority at the last election was over two thousand. An imperturbable sweetness of temper and a genuinely modest manner carried Lord Carmarthen triumphantly through every trial, and made him as popular in the House as in his constituency. The Duke is a thoroughgoing Tory, with a leaning towards Protection; and, as he is really keen on politics, it may be hoped that as soon as a vacancy occurs he will again join the Government. He has certainly brains enough to make a better Cabinet Minister than an empty-headed magnate like Lord Cadogan.

Strong Church views, coupled with shrewd commercial enterprise, have always been an irresistible combination in English public life. Mr. Henry Hucks Gibbs, one of Lord Salisbury's latest additions to the peerage, is the head of the well-known firm of Antony Gibbs & Co.; he is a pillar of the Established Church, and he is also a pillar of that much more tottering edifice, South American finance. In the old days Messrs. Antony Gibbs did a roaring trade with Chili, Peru, and Central America. But in these latter days of reduced profits and depreciated silver the old house has been driven into the devious ways of Argentine finance, and has promoted unsuccessful undertakings like the North-East Argentine Railway. Mr. Henry Hucks Gibbs sat in the '86 Parliament as one of the members for the City of London, and is a clever and cultivated man, whose health is indifferent. He has at present two sons in the House of Commons—Mr. Alban Gibbs, one of the members for the City, and Mr. Vicary Gibbs, the member for the St. Albans division of Hertfordshire. The family is still wealthy, and equally attached to the two precious metals.

All Paris is talking of "Entre Mufles," the piece of the satirist Maurice Talmeyr, which was played at the Cercle des Escholiers on the 28th ult. The extraordinary bitterness of the play, it appears, is relieved by scenes of farcical humour, and the spectators are perpetually excited by the novel and unexpected in speech and in situation. There are no monologues, we are told, in this play. Whenever an actor is on the stage alone he expresses himself by pantomime, and the *clou* of the piece is a scene where Rose Syma, the pensionnaire of the Odéon, debates by gesture whether or not she shall kill herself. From this piece of information we infer that there is more novelty than originality in Talmeyr's latest effort. Yet we envy Paris for the multitude of little theatres it possesses; they serve as exercise grounds for the dramatic talent of both authors and actors. There is the Théâtre des Poètes, the Théâtre des Lettres, Théâtre d'Audition, Théâtre d'Appel, the Chat Noir, the Théâtre Minuscule, the Cercle Pigalle, and this Cercle des Escholiers, the oldest of them all, which was the parent of the Théâtre Libre, and which, in 1886 or thereabouts, gave a representation of Ibsen's "Lady of the Sea." Life in London would be gayer and more interesting if we had fewer conventicles and two or three inexpensive little theatres of this sort.

We hear that the authorship of the American Address of the Authors' Society was guessed at not altogether correctly in our issue of 28 December. Its English, we said, is the chaste commonplace of Sir Walter Besant. This, we are informed, is true enough. But there was an alien element, only to be described as meretricious. It appears that we ought to have observed on the chaste forehead of the Address the brand of Caine. We readily admit that the grovelling attitude of the Address ought to have suggested the name of Rossetti's discreet biographer. On the other hand, who could have suspected that the champion self-advertiser would ever consent to rouge the cheeks of Sir Walter Besant's style without claiming the credit of the performance?

JAMESON'S RAID AND ITS CAUSE.

ALL sorts of explanations are still current as to the cause of Dr. Jameson's raid. Sir E. Ashmead Bartlett believes that "the Boer-German intrigue was the prime cause of Dr. Jameson's intervention." Other good people imagine that Dr. Jameson crossed the border, raced to Johannesburg, and attacked an overwhelming Boer force because he had received a letter from the Outlanders in Johannesburg inviting him to come to their rescue, and setting forth that "in the event of a conflict thousands of unarmed women and children will be at the mercy of well-armed Boers, and property of enormous value will be placed in great peril." And this theory, which appeals to our admiration for a hero overwhelmed by undeserved misfortune, is undoubtedly the popular theory, besides being the theory put forward by Dr. Jameson himself. "I only crossed the frontier," he is reported to have said, "because of the urgent appeals addressed to me, and because I fully believed a large number of my fellow-countrymen and country-women were in dire peril of their lives. It was only to save and protect them that I moved." Naturally enough, this view is set forth in the penny press at great length and with considerable address. The "St. James's Gazette" says, "there is no reason to doubt" Dr. Jameson's own words, and finds in his love of humanity the reason why he began his "wild gallop across the veldt without supplies or provisions." The Boers were attacked, this journal tells us, "in the same spirit." There is, on the other hand, what may be called the Kruger explanation, which, as we pointed out last week, appears to be the explanation reluctantly adopted by our Government. President Kruger evidently believes that Mr. Rhodes planned the raid; that Dr. Jameson was on this occasion, as on others, Rhodes's lieutenant; and the raid was carried out, not to protect unarmed women and children, but, in the interests of a non-dividend-paying Chartered Company, to seize a town whose revenues are over half a million sterling a year. Mr. Labouchere, too, who is by nature totally unlike President Kruger, evidently agrees with this view, which, though highly unpopular, is shared by many in the City of London, and may perhaps be called the cynical-rationalistic view.

We propose to examine briefly which of these widely-differing views goes farthest to explain the known facts. We must express our regret that our space prevents our dealing with Sir E. Ashmead-Bartlett's view at length. Sir Ellis sets forth that "Dr. Leyds, President Kruger's *âme damnée*, has been a month at Berlin, with his pocket full of secret service money, working the German Press, and seeking for a German Protectorate. There were even preparations," he tells us (this "even" is a masterstroke), "made for sending German marines from Delagoa Bay to Pretoria." What a pity it is for this theory that the blue-eyed, flaxen-haired Teuton makes such a poor villain. In spite of Sir Ellis's dexterity, the two explanations, the Jameson explanation and the Kruger explanation, hold the field. One or the other must be accepted. Let us deal first with Dr. Jameson's explanation, and deal with it from President Kruger's point of view. First of all, Kruger would ask what Jameson was doing near Mafeking on the Transvaal frontier with seven hundred men at that particular time. The answer which appeared in the "Pall Mall Gazette," from the pen of one who signed himself "A Believer in the Chartered," is that Dr. Jameson, with a detachment of the Rhodesia horse, went to Mafeking to take over the British Bechuana-land police on 1 December, and Sir John Willoughby, as Military Adviser and Commander-in-Chief, naturally joined him there. To this President Kruger would, of course, reply, How came it that Dr. Jameson, instead of immediately despatching the police to various parts of the great country which was once British Bechuana-land, kept them in a camp to the north-east of Mafeking, and diligently drilled and exercised them for a whole month, leaving a vast tract of country unprotected? The point, we think, should be met; it is suspicious, at least, if not convincing. And then President Kruger would probably carry the war of argument into the enemies' country. "When did the Boers, or, indeed, any other body of isolated farmers, whose chief charac-

teristic is love of family, ever do violence to unarmed women and children?" Or he might ask Dr. Jameson why he took it upon himself to play protector of the oppressed in Johannesburg when a British force, the Black Watch, was within reach at Mafeking. The point seems to us unanswerable. If Dr. Jameson were the humanitarian he pretends to be, he would assuredly have informed the officer of the Black Watch at Mafeking of what he intended to do, and would have begged him to follow on as rapidly as possible to Johannesburg. And when the messenger from Sir Hercules Robinson overtook him, and ordered him in the Queen's name to retire, he would have certainly sent him back to assure Sir Hercules Robinson of his noble and pacific aim. But the decisive and overwhelming proof that the Jameson explanation is not the true one lies in Jameson's treatment of President Kruger's grandson. An honest man in Jameson's place would naturally have represented to this envoy the overwhelming reasons of humanity which led him to make what looked like an unprovoked attack upon a friendly Power, and he would have begged the envoy to return at once to Kruger to assure him of his pacific intentions, and to beg him, also, to use his endeavours to protect the women and children. Instead of doing anything of this sort, we are informed that Jameson made President Kruger's grandson a prisoner, and told him that his arms would be given back to him, not in Johannesburg—but in Pretoria! With this Jameson theory to guide us we can only stagger from improbability to improbability. Would a man conscious of his high aims have attacked the Boers when he met them, or would he have first of all exhausted conciliatory measures? A love of humanity that causes a man to shed blood unnecessarily is beyond comprehension.

It will be noticed that we have not touched upon a dozen reports that would confirm any one in disbelief of the Jameson explanation. We have not spoken of the letters which appeared in the "Times" and elsewhere purporting to be written by troopers with Jameson's force, who mentioned a month ago that they were to be led against the Transvaal. The "Times" correspondent, too, tells us that when the news of the raid reached Johannesburg "men simply stood aghast at the boldness of the move." It seems to us that the Jameson theory breaks down at all points.

Much against our will, we are forced back upon the rationalistic explanation, which, in this case, unfortunately shows men's motives and human nature generally in a sinister light. We cannot even believe that Dr. Jameson or Mr. Rhodes had any particular sympathy with the Outlanders in the Transvaal. Had either of these men sympathized with the grievances of their fellow-countrymen in Johannesburg, he would assuredly long ago have remonstrated with President Kruger about his treatment of them, and been their advocate with Mr. Chamberlain. But neither Mr. Rhodes nor Dr. Jameson has exerted himself in this direction. We are compelled, therefore, to find other than good motives for Dr. Jameson's raid. We are forced to regard it as a freebooters' raid carried out simply for purposes of gain. We do not believe that Dr. Jameson wished to enrich himself, and we believe that Mr. Rhodes cares less for money than most people imagine. But Mr. Rhodes cares greatly for the success of the Chartered Company, and we cannot but think that the desire to place this Company upon a sound financial basis was his chief motive in authorizing his lieutenant's incursion. Needless to say, we have no desire to prejudice the case or to insist upon our view of it. Had it not been that the daily papers are unanimously engaged in putting forward solely the Jameson explanation because it is the popular explanation, we should not have exposed its irrationality. But surely it is better, even in this instance, to see facts as they are than to allow ourselves to be deceived by fictions.

Moreover, Mr. Rhodes's silence and Mr. Rhodes's resignation of his Premiership seem to us full of menace for the future. We do not believe that he has abandoned his design, or accepted the first reverse as final. He must see that, in spite of his denial, steadily supported, as no doubt it will be, by Dr. Jameson, the circumstantial evidence of his complicity in Jameson's crime is overwhelming. The mere fact that Colonel Frank

Rhodes, his brother, was enlisting men at a guinea a day, and arming these recruits in the Johannesburg offices of the Goldfields Company, of which Mr. Cecil Rhodes is the moving spirit, would alone render it almost impossible for the ex-Cape Premier to convince any impartial mind that he was not the planner of Jameson's raid. But if this guilt is brought home to Mr. Cecil Rhodes he will be ruined, and Mr. Rhodes is not a man to accept ruin without a desperate struggle. What his next move may be it is impossible to imagine. He knows the conditions in South Africa better, probably, than any living man save Mr. Hofmeyr, and we are not in a position to guess at his designs; but evidently President Kruger distrusts him, and all the evidence goes to prove that the man who outwitted Jameson is as sagacious as he is determined.

It is reported that President Kruger, in the name of the Transvaal Government, has demanded from our Colonial Secretary the banishment from South Africa of Mr. Rhodes and Dr. Jameson, and a large sum of money as solatium for the loss of life and the expense occasioned by Jameson's raid. Even if the indemnity is fixed by President Kruger at the huge sum of £500,000 sterling, it will have to be paid—by the British South Africa Company; the British Government cannot afford to haggle over this figure. But banishment is not a punishment known to the English law, and although Mr. Chamberlain may be very eager to gratify President Kruger, he might find it extremely difficult to carry out the President's desire, even if he acceded to it. But he will not accede to it. We mention President Kruger's request simply because it appears to us to be not only reasonable, but a good example of President Kruger's foresight. Like Antæus, Mr. Rhodes may rise more formidable from his fall.

THE AMAZING TELEGRAM.

THE German Emperor has anticipated the verdict of history upon his character and upon his reign. By the light of the week's events, we see him revealed as a man foredestined to failure, humiliation, and disaster. There are no longer any doubts about him. Even while all Englishmen tingle with resentment at the gratuitous insolence of the affront which he has levelled at them, their calmer second thought tells them that it is he, and the country whose misfortune it is to have him on its throne, who have reason to be disturbed about what has happened.

Since the First Napoleon, there has been no other crowned head in Europe which could have conceived such a message as that which was despatched by the Emperor to President Kruger last Friday. The great Corsican insulted other people freely, but he had previously demonstrated his ability and entire willingness to back up offensive words with deeds. When he was at last broken and caged, Imperial impudence went altogether out of fashion. Not even the magnificent Nicholas I., proud and violent of temper as he was, ventured to employ public impertinence as a weapon in his dealings with the nations about him. It is only now that, without provocation, or any preliminary sign of disagreement, the sovereign of a great State deliberately and in cold blood offers to a friendly Power the most complete and ingeniously worded insult which can be imagined. The telegram to Pretoria implicitly expresses delight that English blood has been spilled and English lives taken; it states that "friendly Powers" would have joined in this work of killing Englishmen if they had been invited to do so; and it asserts the independence of a State over which England holds by treaty certain well-defined rights of suzerainty. Bonaparte himself could not have devised a more comprehensive affront to a people he meant to overrun and subjugate. But this astonishing action proceeds from a young man who has never won any battles abroad, and at home has done nothing more splendid than fill his gaols with poor devils of newspaper editors, and increase the number of Socialist enemies in his Parliament from 10 to 44. It was natural enough that all England should start with indignation at such a wanton outrage, and it was intelligible that this wrathful feeling should be intensified by the recollection that the offender was the son of our Princess Royal and the grandson of our

Queen. But at this distance of time from the original offence, it is possible to pass these considerations by, and to bestow undivided attention upon the larger question involved.

At the first blush, the Germans seemed to be all of one opinion—namely, that the Emperor had rendered himself the idol of all his people. It was excitedly pointed out, in this early outburst of enthusiasm, that even the Social Democratic press approved his fine anti-English posture. But the next day this was not quite so manifest. After two days more, the German papers had so modified their transports that the change could only be accounted for by the English correspondents in Berlin on the theory that an official hint had been sent round to stop the agitation. Nothing is risked by the prophecy that a few more days will suffice, with or without Ministerial intervention, to reduce the "reptile" press to entire calmness. The Prussians are people with loud voices and a vehement surface-temper, but beneath their noisy self-assertiveness they conceal much shrewd caution and good sense. They perceive already that, if the Emperor went on from provocative words to hostile actions, one brief campaign would serve to undo everything they have done for their own advantage, at home and abroad, since 1870. A little later they will recognize that a monarch who could with such flippant levity lead them into such danger is even less fit to rule than his sharpest critics had deemed him to be. The dilemma which the Emperor has created for himself is awkward enough. Either he must go ahead, and precipitate upon himself and his Empire a disaster which could hardly be less than fatal, or he must back down and bow his head before a storm of disgusted reproaches from every quarter of the German Empire. Whichever course he takes, there is nothing but ignominy for him.

The evils of the military system are incarnated in the spectacle which is here presented to us. "A Nation in Arms" served General von der Goltz as the subject for one of the best military books ever written. It might be taken afresh as the title for a study of the political and social state in its very lowest and most repellent aspects. The conditions of life in a vast armed camp have not only overwhelmed the judgment of the unfortunate young man at the head of it, but they have reduced the whole German social system to an almost incredible level of servility where it has not been broken up by actual revolt. During the past year the processes of this national demoralization have been peculiarly manifest. Gradually the Emperor has mounted into the clouds towards absolutism, and his subjects have shrunk earthward in abased silence. The Reichstag has become a futile shadow; Ministers have ceased to suggest the idea that they have opinions of their own; the new head of the Home Office has made a speech congratulating the nation that "God has placed at the head of the Fatherland a Sovereign so providentially endowed that his intuition of what is right can never be for a moment or in a single instance at fault"—and Germany, the Germany of the *gymnasias* and Universities, has listened without comment! The army has turned the head of the Emperor, and crushed the manhood of the civic Empire. Whether the change comes through the shock of foreign war, or the crash of domestic convulsions, it is evident that a change of some sort there must be, and that it must involve a heavy penalty for the people who invented the monstrous anachronism of "a Nation in Arms."

As to her own position in this crisis, England can afford to be entirely confident. She knows her duties and also her rights in the Transvaal. She has been alert and vigorous in fulfilling the former, notwithstanding the unpleasant circumstances surrounding the task; she has no intention of abandoning one jot or tittle of the latter. President Kruger is too wise a politician not to understand this perfectly, and not to comprehend also that Germany can be of no practical assistance to him in any quarrel with manifest destiny. The loose talk of the Continental gossips about England's isolation has no substance. We are accustomed to isolation, and we thrive on it. But the real terrors of isolation are for Germans to think about. During the twenty-five years of their Empire's existence it could never have stood for a day without alliances. It was propped up at the

beginning by the close personal ties subsisting between the Czar Alexander II. and his uncle, the German Kaiser. Later it was buttressed by the Triple Alliance. To-day, with these aids still nominally at its service, it leans even more directly upon the supposed friendship of Russia, which it assumes carries with it at least the neutrality of France. But these alliances and friendships are not disinterested. They rest, without exception, upon the premiss that Germany can requite them in kind. The moment that this became doubtful where would Germany have an ally, where a friend? Who is so in love with the idea of Berlin playing the autocrat in Europe? Is it France, with its huge army composed entirely of young men born in the years immediately following the invasion of 1870, and its deep-seated longing for the recovery of Alsace-Lorraine? A glance at the newspapers of Paris answers the question. In the presence of a mere possibility of war with Germany, on terms promising success, the memories of the Russian dalliance have faded out of the French mind like a dream.

That Germany has some more or less definite understanding or arrangement with Russia in a sense hostile to us is quite possible. Portugal, it is true, seems to have determined to maintain a strict neutrality with regard to England and Germany alike, but there is nothing to show, thus far, that Austria and Italy have dissociated themselves from the enterprises of their partner in the Triple Alliance, although their active participation is so improbable as to be scarcely worth considering. But whatever combination the German Emperor thinks he has in hand to-day, we may face it with a steady nerve. As for himself, whether he advances or retreats, the angriest Englishman could wish him nothing worse than the outlook before him.

A FRENCH VIEW OF THE VENEZUELAN AFFAIR.

THERE is a greater distance between the daily and the periodical press in France than in England. Although we have nothing to complain of in the tone of the French daily journals on the Venezuelan question, the "*Chronique de la Quinzaine*," in the current "*Revue des Deux Mondes*," by M. Francis Charmes, is the first serious contribution to the controversy by a French publicist of standing. The article is worthy of attention, not only for its merits of lucidity and logic, but as giving the view of a representative Frenchman, who is not generally reckoned an Anglophile. We need not enter into the merits of the dispute, which are reviewed with remarkable impartiality. What interests us is the criticism which M. Charmes passes on our own conduct and that of America, and the sound advice which, incidentally and in the friendliest spirit, he addresses to England. France, as the writer points out, can regard the quarrel with perfect impassibility; for, though the United States, with "very little tact and good taste," have endeavoured to draw France into the dispute, their representations are more than counterbalanced by the argument of the English press that the Monroe Doctrine is as unfavourable to France as to England. This M. Charmes admits, and declares that the pretensions of the United States are excessive in their nature, and not likely to be rendered more acceptable by the form in which they have been presented by Messrs. Cleveland and Olney. The passage on arbitration we think sufficiently pertinent to the situation to transcribe:—"If any one tried to force an arbitration on us, as they are trying to force it on England, we should reply that arbitration, in public as well as in private affairs, must be voluntary and not compulsory; this is its essential nature. If the United States, in order to settle a difference between another American Republic and ourselves, were to talk of sending to the spot a Commission of Inquiry, whose conclusions should be binding law for both parties, we should reply that such an arbitration would be extraordinary and quite unacceptable, seeing that the arbitrator would be appointed by himself alone, and that he would not be disinterested in the matter. But, having made these reservations, we remain of the opinion that, if arbitration has any application at once useful and indicated by the

nature of the question, it is to territorial disputes between European and American governments. However important may be the subject of discussion, it is seldom sufficiently so to justify the employment of force. Surely the wisest thing is to submit the litigation to an enlightened and impartial third party. The point is to choose a good arbitrator, and to carefully define the question to be submitted to him. Without going so far as to blame England for having wished to withdraw a portion of the question from arbitration (for she had some good reasons, and besides that is not our business), it may be permitted us to point out that France has always sought to unravel any difficulties she may have had with America by means of arbitration. France had a difficulty a few years ago with Holland about our frontiers in Guiana: we chose an arbitrator, who decided against France, and we submitted. It is true that Holland is a European State like ourselves; but the same does not apply to Brazil. For many years we have had a dispute with Brazil about our frontiers, and we have not waited for the incidents of the last few days to take the initiative in proposing arbitration. If the United States should be bent upon intervening between Brazil and ourselves, for the purpose of inducing Brazil to accede to our proposal, we see no inconvenience in their doing so. Arbitration is our rule, provided always that no one forces it upon us."

These are wise and weighty words which might well be taken to heart by Englishmen. We quite agree with Mr. Smalley's remark in the "*Times*" that "frankness is an instrument of modern diplomacy." Secrecy was well enough when international disputes were settled by notes exchanged between aristocratic Ministers speaking in the name of absolute monarchs. But now that the people have been taken into political partnership, the people naturally want to know what is going on. We see no reason why Lord Salisbury should not publish a full statement of the English case. England would suffer no loss of dignity by appealing to the reason of the world. The only people who might object would be the official pedants who live by enveloping foreign politics in a mystery, which is as dangerous as it is out of date. M. Charmes ridicules that "strange document" in which Mr. Olney, if he did not misrepresent the Monroe Doctrine, "accentuated all its offensive aspects, with insupportable repetitions and a disagreeable heaviness of hand." The Monroe Doctrine as interpreted by Mr. Olney is, M. Charmes observes sarcastically, a notice to Europe to quit America, which Europe has no intention of taking. The rapid fall in the President's popularity, which followed the fall of prices in Wall Street, is also touched amusingly in this article:—"Cæsar recommended his soldiers to look Pompey's soldiers in the face. With the Americans it is always the Stock Exchange that must be looked in the face." But it is not our object to excite irritation. We will, therefore, only repeat the assertion of M. Charmes, that, sudden as was the revulsion of feeling in America, the President still carries a great part of the nation with him, not in the direction of war—for M. Charmes does not believe the President ever intended that—but in his clumsy and illogical interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine. But we should be more than human if we denied ourselves the pleasure of reproducing some of the compliments which M. Charmes pays to the English press:—"Let us do England the justice to say that, if America lost her head for forty-eight hours, England kept hers. Had Lord Salisbury replied in the same tone as Mr. Cleveland, guns and cannons would have gone off of their own accord. But he said nothing at all, and the English press displayed really diplomatic qualities. The English press replied promptly and sharply, as was fitting, but without crossing the line of propriety, and without pronouncing any of those words which one regrets as soon as they have escaped. . . . English public opinion has just given an example on which other nations would do well to meditate. Alas! it is not the example which we ourselves have given in circumstances which it is always painful to recall. England might well have regarded Mr. Cleveland's Message as a provocation; yet not a word of hatred, or even of anger, was heard throughout the country. She was willing to do everything in her power, in the

first place, to avoid a conflict repugnant to humanity; and, secondly, to render it impossible to reproach her with any mistake in procedure. She has shown by her conduct a splendid coolness (*un beau sangfroid*), that of a nation truly strong and conscious of its strength, on which we cannot help congratulating her. Doubtless she will sacrifice none of her interests, but she will avoid everything that could embitter their defence. And this attitude, in a country where the passions are nevertheless violent and even brutal, is that of every individual. Every single man feels the responsibility which weighs on him. M. Thiers, in his famous speech on liberty, spoke of the function of the press 'in a State whose education is complete.' The political education of England is complete: unhappily it is only necessary to read our journals to perceive that ours is far from being so." We thank M. Charmes for his graceful and generous appreciation of our conduct at an anxious and critical time. It is no longer possible to say that England is not understood in France. But our object in transcribing the words of this eminent Frenchman is assuredly not a mere exchange of civilities. We earnestly hope that the candid and enlightened spirit of his remarks on international arbitration may enter into the counsels of our Cabinet. One principle, and one only, seems to us to be beyond the sphere of arbitration. No human being, who has hitherto lived under the sovereignty of the Queen, must be transferred to that of the Republic of Venezuela.

AN "ARMADA" NEEDED.

A RECENT letter by Lord Rosebery on the sufferings of the Armenian population incidentally referred to Lord Salisbury as having received from the people "an Armada." The present Government have not as yet taken, so far as is known, any step to add to the fleet; and the Armada, if an Armada we possess, is that of Lord Rosebery or of Mr. Gladstone.

The standard which has hitherto been set before the country, by both the rival sets of politicians, as sufficient for the British fleet is that of equality or of superiority to the fleets of two Powers, sometimes stated to be France and Russia. This standard has all along been insufficient in the opinion of some of us—an opinion based upon reasons which could be guessed, but which it has not been wise to proclaim. The two phrases, one implying equality to two fleets, and one superiority to the same, have been used as though synonymous, which they obviously are not. Bare superiority is not a naval superiority certain, with equal seamanship, to confer the command of the sea. The standard of superiority laid down by the naval experts of this country is that that superiority, in order to be safe, must imply a force of two to one in cruisers and of three to two in battleships. According to whether we count or do not count certain classes of ships, figures vary in different comparative returns; but it is not professed, so far as I am aware, by any one, that we possess a superiority of three to two in battleships as against a combination of France and Russia; and we accordingly fall short of a standard which in itself many of us reject as insufficient. The last return published by any responsible authority upon this point of comparison between the United Kingdom and France and Russia is the most unfavourable of all those which I have seen. It is admitted, moreover, that we have not yet solved the problem of manning the war fleet that we possess; and there is an element of doubt introduced into our calculations by the fact that France has for some time past been using high explosives as bursting charges for shells at sea, whereas none are yet carried on board British ships. The French admiral who has just been appointed head of the newly created seagoing tactical school of France attaches, according to his recent book, overwhelming importance to the use of these explosives; and all the tactics taught by him are to be based upon the supposition that heavy guns will be superseded by the heaviest available quick-firing guns throwing shells filled with high explosives.

Some surprise was excited when, in the course of a debate which occurred early in the history of the last Parliament, I ventured, in expressing dissatisfaction with the naval standard adopted as sufficient by both

parties in the State, to assert that, with the doubtful exception of China, we were the most unpopular of Powers. If any were in a fool's paradise at that time, they have come out of it now. It has long been known that nothing is too silly to be believed against us on the Continent; and President Cleveland has checked a rising belief in a supposed new-born popularity of England in the United States. We had been inclined to think that if wild stories were credited abroad as to proposed piratical proceedings on our part, this might safely be put down to ignorance. There has, however, been an uneasy feeling among the best informed in England that the attempt of both the Colonial and the Foreign Offices in recent years to transfer their responsibilities to chartered companies was a source of danger; and although the recent event which has confirmed these fears has come from the action of the servants of a chartered company which is answered for by the Colonial Office, yet there is a continuing danger which arises from the possibility of conflict with Great Powers on the part of chartered adventurers who are answered for by the Foreign Office. Moreover, whatever secrecy may exist with regard to the affairs of South Africa exists also to a more dangerous extent as regards affairs upon the Niger.

We know how far the recent invasion of the South African Republic has been an isolated act. But to those in the Continental Press who have been relating or prophesying similar acts on our part for some years past all stories alike are credible; and the most unfortunate of all the unhappy results that attend the recent event on the frontier of Bechuanaland is that it tends to confirm the Continental public in their fixed belief in our greed, hypocrisy, and bad faith. To us it seems ridiculous that it should be asserted by a well-known writer in a considerable journal that the British missionaries in Madagascar were so completely behind Hova resistance to French arms that it is necessary that our missions should be expelled from French colonies or protectorates. We know that the French Roman Catholic missions in British India are stronger than the British missions. We are aware that the French Roman Catholic missions in the British Protectorate of Uganda have just bought in France a steamer which is to be placed on a lake on which France has no shore, and which is far removed from the nearest French sphere of influence, and that her French missionary owners will be protected by the British officers in Uganda. We smiled when we read some time ago, also in a paper of great influence, that the Dervishes of the Soudan were in our pay. We have been used for many years to the report that we were about to land our forces at Tangier, or to take possession of an island at Ceuta, or to steal Crete; and many in this country have regretted that the useless occupation of Cyprus, in 1878, gave some small colour to such suppositions, absurd as we might think them. Even our national desire to protect the lives of the Armenian population in Turkey has been subject to singularly gross misrepresentation, going, indeed, as far as the statement that the object of our Ambassador at Constantinople was the creation of a kingdom for the Duke of Teck. There is a story of the early part of the present century of how a sturdy English publican accused a great personage in this country of having poisoned his illustrious daughter. When he was laughed at, he triumphantly replied that one who would strangle his wife would not stick at poisoning his daughter; there being as much ground for the one suggestion as for the other. The reply was "Consider the gratuitous infamy of the act." But it had no effect upon the publican; and on the Continent one lie about us is often believed on the strength of the acceptance of another. We English have for some time past been becoming, day by day, more and more wonderstruck to discover to what a band of brigands we all belonged—according to our critics.

Hitherto the tangible grounds that could be given for all suppositions against us were weak indeed. In 1894, however, a secret Convention between ourselves and the Congo State brought about, most wantonly, a specially unfortunate result. It brought together Germany and France in protest against our act. What we were to gain was unimportant. What we suffered was

joint action by France and Germany, and a declaration that no account would be taken of our Convention, of which half was dropped to please Germany, and half to please the French. Thus Germany and France were brought together, and their alliance has since continued in the East.

The policy of bribing Germany into friendship had been tried by Lord Salisbury before this unhappy Convention of Lord Rosebery's. Heligoland, for which a high price might have been had, had been given up for nothing in connexion with an African Convention which was in itself a weak surrender. Since France and Germany have taken to acting together, it has been suggested that we should again buy the friendship of one or other or of both. It is more than doubtful whether this policy would succeed. It would undoubtedly be ascribed at the present time to fear, and would have the natural result of increasing the demands made upon us—until they became unbearable. The continuance of our occupation of Egypt, the cessation of which, after the pledges apparently given by and for Mr. Gladstone in 1892, would have been an act of statesmanship, justifiable on the ground not only of redemption of our previous promises, but also of military advantage to ourselves, has become difficult in face of the coalition that has been formed against us in all parts of the world. But evacuation, if it comes now, will probably come too late to be of service to our policy.

It is suggested that we should similarly buy the friendship of the United States by yielding points to which, wisely or unwisely, both Lord Rosebery and Lord Salisbury have attached importance. It is not easy to see that, under present circumstances, even this action would be generously interpreted, or calculated to strengthen our position in the world. I do not believe, as matters stand, that the United States will make war upon us. But our situation towards the Continent is undoubtedly perilous. France and Germany have become united in their distrust of us as a Power, and the result is that, while Russia and France, for many military purposes, although not for all, may be considered as one country, and in Continental matters are faced by an alliance in which Germany takes the lead, as against us there is no such balance, and Russia, France, and Germany are now able to act together.

From May 1875, for twenty years, there had been no risk of general war. Each winter it had been prophesied by the newspapers for the coming spring. But it was always possible to assert with confidence that the war scare of 1875 had been the last one that was justifiable, and that the peace would be preserved. Those of us who desire the creation of a Navy sufficient to assure, through the command of the sea, our continued existence, when we said that the strong probability was that we should, against our will, be partakers in the first general war, were thought to use this contention as a means of obtaining a larger fleet than was required. The action of Mr. Blaine in the United States in putting forward towards the South American Republics the elder-sister doctrine—a natural, and even legitimate, extension of the Monroe Doctrine—passed unperceived as regarded its inevitable ultimate result upon our own position. It is the one disguised blessing in the miserable business of last week in South Africa that the Kaiser's letter, and the evident feeling on his part that he can call in France and Russia against us if he pleases—while we cannot hope that in such circumstances even Italy will join us—will arouse British opinion to the necessity for peacefully standing on our own defence.

Equality with two Powers can no longer be taken as a safe standard for that navy upon the success of which in any war hangs our national life. It is useless to inquire into the past reasons for our unpopularity. Let us, if we like, humble ourselves as having committed errors, or let us assume that only jealousy of our success is at the bottom of the dislike which is generally entertained towards us. But, at all events, in future let us be more careful than we were in the case of Egypt to keep our word. Let us be more careful than we were in the case of Cyprus and of the Congo Convention not to indulge in secret diplomacy without a sufficient reason; and, above all, let us keep our powder dry, and build and man that fleet the need

for which was admitted by Cobden, and is admitted by Sir William Harcourt—the representative anti-Jingoes of our time—but which both parties in the State have hitherto failed to keep up to the necessary mark.

CHARLES W. DILKE.

PAUL VERLAINE.

"BIEN affectueusement . . Yours, P. Verlaine." So, in its gay and friendly mingling of French and English, ended the last letter I had from Verlaine. A telegram from Paris, and now the morning papers, tell me that it is the last letter I shall ever have. Paul Verlaine died on Wednesday night.

"Condemned to death," as he was, in Victor Hugo's phrase of men in general, "with a sort of indefinite reprieve," and gravely ill as I knew him to have been latterly, it was still with a shock, not merely of sorrow, but of surprise, that I heard the news of his death. He had suffered and survived so much. There has been no time, as yet, for me to receive any detailed tidings of his end: of how it came upon him, of just how one who had always been so passionately in love with life—more passionately in love with life than any man I ever knew—faced death when his turn came. I cannot imagine him other than as I always knew him: brave, a little pettish, cheerful and complaining, and perhaps, like children (he was always a child), afraid of the dark. Rest was one of the delicate privileges of life which he never loved: he did but endure it with grumbling gaiety when a hospital bed claimed him. And whenever he spoke to me of the long rest which has now sealed his eyelids, it was with a shuddering revolt from the thought of ever going away into the cold, out of the sunshine which was always so warm to him. With all his pains, misfortunes, and the calamities which followed him step by step all his life, I think few men ever got so much out of their lives, ever lived so fully, so intensely, with such a genius for living. That, indeed, is why he was a great poet. Verlaine was a man who gave its full value to every moment, who got out of every moment all that that moment had to give him. It was not always—a great part of the time it was not—pleasure. But it was energy, the vital force of a nature which was always receiving and giving out, never at rest, never passive, or indifferent, or hesitating. It is impossible for me to convey to any one who did not know him any idea of how sincere he was. The word "sincerity" seems hardly to have emphasis enough to say, in regard to this one man, all that it says, adequately enough, of others. He sinned, and it was with all his humanity; he repented, and it was with all his soul. And to every occurrence of the day, to every mood of the mind, to every impulse of the creative instinct, he brought an unparalleled sharpness of sensation. He saw, he felt, he remembered, everything. Two years ago, when he was my guest in London, I was amazed by the exactitude of his memory in regard to the actual turnings of the streets, the shapes and colours of the buildings, which he had not seen for twenty years. And to the last he was as distinctly observant as he had ever been; receptive especially (need one say?) of the fine shades, the essential part of things—that precisely which escapes the ordinary observer.

And in his verse, it was always the fine shades, the essential part of things, for which Verlaine found words. French poetry, before he wrote, was an admirable vehicle for a really fine, a really poetical, kind of rhetoric. With Victor Hugo, for the first time since Ronsard, it had learnt to sing; with Baudelaire it had invented a new vocabulary for the expression of the modern and the perverse. But with Victor Hugo, with Baudelaire, we are still under the dominion of rhetoric. "Take eloquence, and wring its neck!" said Verlaine; and he showed, by writing it, that French verse could be written without rhetoric. It was partly from his study of English models that he learnt the secret of liberty in verse, which in turn he has taught to his teachers. Through some curious and remote artifice of art, joined with an intensity of feeling which seemed to find its own expression, so subtly was this expression found for it, he was able to reveal, with extraordinary completeness and in extraordinary detail, a

personality of whose vividness I have tried to give some intimation. "L'art, mes enfants, c'est d'être abso- lument soi-même," he tells us, in one of his later poems; and with such a personality as Verlaine's to express, what more has art to do, if it would truly, and in any interesting manner, hold the mirror up to nature?

ARTHUR SYMONS.

THE NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC DISCOVERY.

A VERY singular scientific discovery has just been made by Professor Roentgen of Wuerzburg. It depends on the transparency of materials to those kinds of radiation which are invisible to our eyes. For long it has been known, and it was a favourite point in the lectures of the late Professor Tyndall, that the invisible waves of heat which are stopped by metals can penetrate through rock-salt; and that the equally invisible actinic (or photographic) waves can penetrate through quartz, but are largely stopped by glass. Then Abney discovered means of photographing the heat-waves, and succeeded in photographing, by its own invisible radiations in a dark room, a kettle full of boiling water. Later it was found that an opaque screen of the hard black india-rubber known as ebonite is transparent to heat-waves. Some seven years ago, by the researches of Hertz and of Lodge, it became known that electric waves, though arrested by metallic screens, can pass readily through walls of stone, brick, or wood, or through the human body. Meantime, discovery had advanced in another direction. In Crookes's classical researches on electric discharges in high vacua, he discovered that in the extremely attenuated gaseous residues in the tubes which he employed, the discharges from the negative pole or kathode can cast shadows on the walls of the enclosing tube. These cathodic rays have been investigated by many experimenters, including Goldstein, Wiedemann, and Lenard. They were found to be curiously active in exciting phosphorescence, and to travel quite differently from ordinary rays of light. The lamented Professor Hertz added to these discoveries the observation that these cathode rays, though incapable of passing through glass, would pass through thin sheets of metal which would be quite opaque to ordinary light. And now Roentgen has put a crowning touch to these facts by the remarkable discovery which has excited the Viennese press. He has succeeded in finding a means of photographing an object of metal, though it may be all the while shut up in a wooden case. A special source of light (a Crookes's tube stimulated by electric discharges) is placed behind, and the camera, or rather the sensitive sheet, in front, of the wooden box. These special radiations pass through the box more readily than if it were of glass, but cast a photographic shadow of whatever metal object may be in the interior. This is scarcely photography, in the ordinary sense of the word. It is rather the photographic registration of shadows. Glass lenses cannot be used to concentrate these rays: hence they cannot be employed to form images. If the sheet of sensitized paper is in turn shut up in a wooden box, and an object of metal is placed in front, its shadow, as cast by the radiations from the Crookes tube, is imprinted on the paper. No "exposure" (as the photographer understands it) is necessary. Indeed, the sheet of paper might be shut up in one box, and the metallic object in another, and yet the photograph might be taken. In the same way Professor Roentgen is able to photograph a man's skeleton through the skin, flesh, and clothes, which for this purpose are photographically transparent, while the bones are opaque like the metals. Placing his own outspread hand outside the closed box containing the sensitized sheet, he obtained a print of the finger-bones and of the rings on the fingers. Whatever, then, the new kind of light may be that produces these effects, it differs both from ordinary light and from the ordinary photographic rays, as well as from the visible cathodic rays discovered by Crookes; for the latter pass through metal, but are stopped by non-metallic substances. Professor Boltzmann, whose authority in physical optics stands undisputed, regards the discovery as of the utmost importance from the scientific standpoint; for it reveals the existence of phenomena not explained in any of the accepted theories of light or of electricity.

For the multitude the discovery is no less wonderful; it adds one more to the marvels of science. To photograph in total darkness seems inexplicable; but that we should be able to photograph through walls of wood, or through solid and opaque bodies, is little short of a miracle. We shall now be able to realize Dickens's fancy when he made Scrooge perceive through Marley's body the two brass buttons on the back of his coat. We shall now be able to discover photographically the position of a bullet in a man's body. Even stone walls will not a prison make to the revelations of the camera.

SILVANUS P. THOMPSON.

A BALLAD OF A WORKMAN.

ALL day beneath polluted skies
He laboured in a clanging town;
At night he read with bloodshot eyes,
And fondly dreamt of high renown.
"My time is filched by toil and sleep;
My heart," he thought, "is clogged with dust;
My soul that flashed from out the deep,
A magic blade, begins to rust."
"For me the lamps of heaven shine;
For me the cunning seasons care;
The old undaunted sea is mine;
The stable earth, the ample air."
"Yet a dark street—at either end,
A bed, an anvil—prisons me,
Until my desperate state shall mend,
And Death, the Saviour, set me free."
"Better a hundred times to die,
And sink at once into the mould,
Than like a stagnant puddle lie
With arabesques of scum enscolled."
"I must go forth and view the sphere
I own. What can my courage daunt?
Instead of dying daily here,
The worst is dying once of want."
"I drop the dream of high renown;
I ask but to possess my soul."
At dawn he left the silent town,
And quaking toward the forest stole
He feared that he might want the wit
To light on Nature's hidden hearth,
And deemed his rusty soul unfit
To win the beauty of the earth.
But when he came among the trees
So slowly built, so many-ring'd,
His doubting thought could soar at ease
In colour steep'd, with passion wing'd.
Occult remembrances awoke
Of outlaws in the good greenwood,
And antique times of wooded folk
Began to haunt his brain and blood.
No longer hope appeared a crime:
He sang; his very heart and flesh
Aspired to join the ends of time,
And forge and mould the world afresh.
"I dare not choose to run in vain;
I must continue toward the goal."
The pulse of life beat strong again,
And in a flash he found his soul.
"The worker never knows defeat,
Though unvictorious he may die:
The anvil and the grimy street,
My destined throne and Calvary!"
Back to the town he hastened, bent—
So swiftly did his passion change—
On selfless plans. "I shall invent
A means to amplify the range"
"Of human power: find the soul wings,
If not the body! Let me give
Mankind more mastery over things,
More thought, more joy, more will to live."
He overtook upon the way
A tottering ancient travel-worn:
"Lend me your arm, good youth, I pray;
I scarce shall see another morn."

- Dread thought had carved his pallid face,
And bowed his form, and blanched his hair ;
In every part he bore some trace,
Or some deep dint of uncouth care.
- The workman led him to his room,
And would have nursed him. "No," he said ;
"It is my self-appointed doom
To die upon a borrowed bed ;
- "But hear and note my slightest word.
I am a man without a name.
I saw the Bastille fall ; I heard
The giant Mirabeau declaim.
- "I saw the stormy dawn look pale
Across the sea-bound battle-field,
When through the hissing sleet and hail
The clarions of Cromwell pealed :
- "I watched the deep-souled Puritan
Grow greater with the desperate strife ;
The cannon waked ; the shouting van
Charged home ; and victory leapt to life.
- "At Seville in the royal square
I saw Columbus as he passed
Laurelled to greet the Catholic pair
Who had believed in him at last :
- "I saw the Andalusians fill
Windows and roofs and balconies—
A firmament of faces still,
A galaxy of wondering eyes :
- "For he had found the unknown shore,
And made the world's great dream come true :
I think that men shall never more
Know anything so strange and new.
- "By meteor-light when day had set
I looked across Angora's plain,
And watched the fall of Bajazet,
The victory of Tamerlane.
- "In that old city where the vine
Dislodged the seaweed, once I saw
The inexorable Florentine :
He looked my way : I bent with awe
- "Before his glance ; for this was he
Who drained the dregs of sorrow's cup
In fierce disdain : it seemed to me
A spirit passed ; my hair stood up.
- "Draw nearer : breath and sight begin
To fail me : nearer, ere I die.—
I saw the brilliant Saladin
Who taught the Christians courtesy ;
- "And Charlemagne, whose dreaded name
I first in far Bokhara heard ;
Mohammed, with the eyes of flame,
The lightning-blow, the thunder-word.
- "I saw Him nailed upon a tree,
Whom once beside an inland lake
I had beheld in Galilee
Speaking as no man ever spake.
- "I saw imperial Cæsar fall ;
I saw the star of Macedon ;
I saw from Troy's magic wall
The death of Priam's mighty son.
- "I heard in Troy's streets at night
Cassandra prophesying fire . . .
A flamelit face upon my sight
Flashes : I see the World's Desire !
- "My life ebbs fast : nearer !—I sought
A means to overmaster fate :
Me, the Egyptian Hermes taught
In old Hermopolis the Great :
- "I pierced to Nature's inmost hearth,
And wrung from her with toil untold
The soul and substance of the earth,
The Seed of Life, the Seed of Gold.
- "Until the end I meant to stay ;
But thought has here so small a range ;
And I am tired of night and day,
And tired of men who never change.
- "All earthly hope ceased long ago ;
Yet, like a mother young and fond
Whose child is dead, I ache to know
If there be anything beyond.
- "Dark—all is darkness ! Are you there ?
Give me your hand.—I choose to die :
This holds my secret—should you dare ;
And this, to bury me . . . Good-bye."
- Amazement held the workman's soul ;
He took the alchemist's bequest—
A light purse and a parchment scroll ;
And watched him slowly sink to rest.
- And nothing could he dream or think ;
He went like one bereft of sense,
Till passion overbore the brink
Of all his wistful continence,
- When his strange guest was laid in earth
And he had read the scroll : "Behold,
I can procure from Nature's hearth
The Seed of Life, the Seed of Gold !
- "For ever young ! Now time and tide
Must wait for me ; my life shall vie
With fate and fortune stride for stride
Until the sun drops from the sky.
- "Gold at a touch ! Nations and kings
Shall come and go at my command ;
I shall control the secret springs
Of enterprise in every land,
- "And hasten on the Perfect Day :
Great men may break the galling chains ;
Sweet looks light up the toilsome way ;
But I alone shall hold the reins !
- "All fragrance, all delightfulness,
And all the glory, all the power,
That sound and colour can express,
Shall be my ever-growing dower ;
- "And I shall know, and I shall love
In every age, in every clime
All beauty. . . . I, enthroned above
Humanity, the peer of Time ?
- "Nay—selfish ! I shall give to men
The Seed of Life, the Seed of Gold ;
Restore the Golden Age again
At once, and let no soul grow old.
- "But gold were then of no avail,
And death would cease—unhallowed doom !
The heady wine of life grow stale,
And earth become a living tomb !
- "And youth would end, and truth decline,
And only pale illusion rule ;
For it is death makes love divine,
Men human, life so sweet and full !"
- He burnt the scroll. "I shall not cheat
My destiny. Life, death for me !
The anvil and the grimy street,
My unknown throne and calvary !
- "Only obedience can be great ;
It brings the Golden Age again :
Even to be still, abiding fate,
Is kingly ministry to men !
- "I drop the dream of high renown,
A nameless private in the strife :
Life, take me ; take me, clanging town ;
And death, the eager zest of life.
- "The hammered anvils reel and chime ;
The breathless, belted wheels ring true ;
The workmen join the ends of time,
And forge and mould the world anew."

JOHN DAVIDSON.

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GLUCK.

IT moves—verily, it moves ! Ten years ago it was as safe as it was in Macaulay's time for a literary man to omit all mention of music in the history of any period which he happened to be writing ; but, if we continue to progress at the present pace, in ten years' time a

historian who treats music less fully than the other arts will be severely handled by the reviewers, and a hundred years hence students will read with surprise and a little wonder that literary men like Mr. John Morley did not blush to confess that they knew nothing about music. And this progress is entirely the result of the preaching of those who hold that music has other sides than the purely technical one, that its beauty may be felt and its meaning understood by those who cannot compose, or play, or sing, just as the meaning and beauty of literature or painting may be understood and felt by those who can neither paint nor write. Music is no longer to be a playground for the mysterious sacred romps of the Macfarrens and the Hullahs: it is to be a garden where all who wish may enter to gather what fruits they may. Its technical aspect will properly continue to be discussed and written about; only it will henceforth be recognized that the technical aspect is not the only nor indeed the chief one, any more than the grammatical is the most important aspect of literature, and that style, sheer beauty, emotional quality, are what the musical critic must devote his main attention to. This is the attitude—perhaps the unconscious attitude—of such able technical writers as Mr. J. S. Shedlock and Professor Ebenezer Prout when they discuss their special side of music; and it is certainly the conscious attitude of Mr. Davey in his excellent "History of English Music." That the attitude should be taken at all marks a great advance towards a sane appreciation of music and its function; and a further advance still is marked by the attitude of Mr. Ernest Newman in his study of "Gluck and the Opera" (Bertram Dobell). Mr. Newman has attempted a bolder thing than any yet accomplished by a musical critic. "I have endeavoured," he says, "to view the subject philosophically, and to bring the opera of the eighteenth century in general, and Gluck's work in particular, into line with the whole intellectual tendencies of the time." In fact, Mr. Newman's book is less a treatise on Gluck in the light of Mr. Newman's knowledge of eighteenth-century culture than a treatise on one side of that culture in the light of his knowledge of Gluck.

The design is laudable as well as daring, and I sincerely wish I could add that the execution is equal to the design, for any effort to bring music within the range of ordinary human interests should be welcomed and encouraged. Unfortunately at times the execution falls a good deal beneath the design, and for obvious reasons. Three qualifications were indispensable. First, a knowledge of Gluck's music and the music which preceded Gluck's; second, a highly developed critical faculty, the faculty of receiving very vivid impressions from music, of retaining those impressions, and of afterwards communicating them through the medium of language; last, a power of entering into the inner essential life of the eighteenth century. The last Mr. Newman has to a considerable degree; but in the first and the second he is more than a little weak. Instead of giving us his own opinions on the operas, he quotes Marx (the German biographer of Gluck) so often that I not only tired of counting the number of quotations, but became suspicious as to the amount of original Gluck study he might have done. He shows the scantiness and absolute wrongness of his knowledge of the music of Gluck's predecessors by treating word-painting as an eighteenth-century trick, the fruit of the eighteenth-century æsthetic, with its imitation of nature as the basis of all art; whereas it was peculiarly a seventeenth-century trick, the result of the search after a serviceable method of weaving a continuous web of beautiful and expressive tones. Then, again, I am afraid that Mr. Newman has something to acquire in the art of criticism. When he does write at first hand about the operas, his criticism is rather the result of cold intellectual analysis than the utterance of a keenly felt emotion or the record of a vivid impression of beauty. It is intellectual rather than emotional and imaginative in a province where chiefly imagination and emotion avail, where intellect is of little more use than a flying-machine in a vacuum. It would be unfair to express an opinion of this sort without offering some illustration, actual incontrovertible proof being impossible; and therefore I point

to the criticism of a passage from "Orfeo" on p. 64. Gluck has set part of a passionate scene to a piece of conventional recitative, and Mr. Newman says that this is both anticlimactic and inexplicable. Now I venture flatly to contradict this by asserting that in performance there is no anticlimax, while as for the inexplicability of the passage, it is very simply explained as being nothing more wonderful than an example of splendid artistic economy; for none but the highest genius would have perceived that bare recitative plus the words and the tearful tones of the singer's voice would make all the effect required at the point, leaving ample room for the intensity of the situation to be heightened by further elaboration later. I could give other instances, but this one will suffice. Alike in the criticisms of "Orfeo," of "Alceste," and of the two "Iphigenias," I feel Mr. Newman's lack of the completely endowed and developed musician's power of reading a score and mentally hearing it with such vividness as to receive an impression similar to, but considerably less definite than, that received during an actual performance. Hence much of his criticism seems to me a little askew, the joints in his reasoning sometimes a trifle dislocated. But these are largely matters of personal feeling and thought, matters about which no two men will, or can ever, think or feel quite alike; and having indicated them as reasons for thinking differently from Mr. Newman, I am glad to acknowledge that he has brought brains and a good deal of knowledge to a difficult task, and produced a book which will certainly rank as the best Gluck study extant until some one—let us hope it will be Mr. Newman himself—writes one which is more complete, and free from the errors which undoubtedly exist in this.

For a trustworthy biography of Gluck is a thing to be fervently prayed for—a biography giving us a true picture of the man in his habit as he lived, showing us the opera as it was before him and as he left it, and clearly letting us see also how much the change he wrought was due to the craving of the artist in him for a suitable mode of expression, and how much to the fanatic zeal of the reformer anxious to disencumber the stage of superfluous conventions—how much to Apollo trying to tune the crude harp of Hermes, and how much to Heracles cleaning out the Augean stables. Further, it will have to be shown how, both in his seeking after an expressive medium and in his efforts after reform, Gluck's task was made harder by his eighteenth-century æsthetic notions, and how, finally, he did what the big artists always do, took the best form he could possibly hit upon in that age, and by sheer artistic genius filled it so perfectly with a beautiful, dramatic, and moving content, as to impel us all to think, as Gluck himself thought, that the form itself was perfect. Similarly a painter (to use an old illustration of mine) will fill a series of panels in an ill-shaped room with lovely designs, so that every one imagines that part of the credit should go to the clumsy architect who planned the room; similarly every really first-rank artist exploits his enemies, the limitations and hindrances amidst which he works, and masters them and makes them help him as friends.

The analogy may easily be pushed too far. The panelled chamber that suited Handel suited Gluck no better than Gluck's chamber suited Wagner; and though the art of Wagner is far apart from the art of Gluck, the two men were certainly alike in the fierce energy with which they set about altering the chamber which they had to decorate to suit their personal convenience. Each met with opposition; for, after all, the room—the opera—was public property, and the public in each case was content with it as it was, and saw no reason for permitting it to be altered. Each overcame the opposition, and in each case when the public saw the new art that had come into existence, they said they liked it and had approved of the artist's ideas all along. The opera before Gluck's time was a series of songs, a number of pearls, more or less genuine, strung on the merest thread of story. The form suited Handel well enough, for he was a born song-writer, and he could express himself in a hundred ways that were closed to Gluck. Gluck had the poetic stuff in him, though a very different stuff to Handel's, and he could not lever it out by any means so easily as Handel could. He could not sit down casually and pour forth his whole

soul in a song and be done with it. Nor could he, like Mozart, take the breathless, bloodless, satin-slippered, characterless characters of the conventional Italian opera, and breathe his own life into them, set the red blood running in their veins, stiffen them and stamp character upon them, and then evolve strong situations from the clashing tendencies and interests of his vivified puppets. He must have his characters and his situations ready-made. He had to be stirred by long contemplation of a powerful story, to live again and again through the intensest moments of his characters' lives, and thus heat himself to a white heat, before the frozen depths were thawed, and he could seize the happy moment and get out his best. Hence his twenty years of conventional opera-writing produced nothing very much better than the work of his contemporaries and rivals; hence when he realized his own weakness and his strength, and hit upon the form adapted to his needs, we read of his long discussions with his librettist, his plannings and re-plannings, arrangements and re-arrangements, until (as we may be sure), when he came to the music he wrote it with all the sincerity of one who is setting down his autobiography for himself alone, who is recording the experiences and passions of an ideal life which had been as real to him as real life. He then wrote music which none of his contemporaries could come near for dramatic force, music which seems to arise naturally out of the scene to which it is set, which is often healthy, cheerful, sunny, often touched with a peculiarly solemn or sombre beauty, and always penetrated with profound feeling and the earnestness bordering upon severity and harshness which, after all, is Gluck's most distinctive quality. To show how Gluck thus passed from the triviality of the first operas to the ripe splendour of "Orfeo," to show what forces native to him and what outer circumstances helped to mould him and directed his steps—this is the feat which Mr. Newman has attempted and partly succeeded in achieving, and which he or another may completely accomplish some day.

Owing to the miscarriage of a proof-sheet, my last week's article contained some errors for which I was not responsible; and I wish to call attention to the fact that the author of the book I reviewed is Mr. Henry Davey. Also, that musical Mrs. Harris, John of Forsete, is hopelessly confused with John Dunstable, making nonsense of at least half the article.

J. F. R.

PLAYS OF THE WEEK.

"The Prisoner of Zenda," a Romantic Play in a prologue and four acts. Adapted from Anthony Hope's story by Edward Rose. St. James's Theatre, 7 January, 1896.

"The Sign of the Cross." In four acts. By Wilson Barrett. Lyric Theatre, 4 January, 1896.

MR. ANTHONY HOPE'S "Prisoner of Zenda" was an amusing attempt to get a Scott-Dumas romance out of modern life. To take the nineteenth-century hero, give him a sword and a horse, a forest to gallop through and a castle to besiege, enemies to pursue him, persons with wrists of steel to fence with, princesses to love and rescue, and all the other luxuries of a D'Artagnan, was a laudable enterprise, in pursuit of which Mr. Hope went to the shores of the Baltic, and carved an imaginary State of Ruritania out of Mecklenburg. He was so far successful that the book made pleasant reading up to within a few chapters of the end. Then the reader's heavily taxed powers of make-believe gave out. At least, that was my experience. At about the point where Rassendyl began his swimming exploits in the moat, I found it impossible any longer to forget that the whole book was a great piece of nonsense. Mere incident in a romance is not interesting unless you believe in the reality of the people to whom the incidents occur. Scott and Dumas could create real men and women for you: their merest supernumeraries, from the innkeepers whom the Musketeers cheat to Higg the son of Snell, are more solid acquaintances than Mr. Hope's heroes. Rassendyl is really nothing but a pasteboard pattern of manly attitudes to be struck in

the act of doing one's duty under difficult circumstances, a figure motivated by conventionalities, without individual will, and therefore without reality or humanity. If it were not for Mr. Hope's light touch and sense of fun, the whole book would be as dull and mechanical a rigmarole of adventure as its last chapters. As it is, all the attempts to indicate the serious worth and rarity of the qualities which Rassendyl carries so lightly, bore and jar us by threatening to awake our common sense, which, if aroused, must immediately put a summary stop to the somewhat silly Ruritanian gambols of our imagination.

This weakness of characterization is perpetuated in the play with some added disadvantages. The liveliest character in the book is Captain Hentzau, because, though he is not a very possible scoundrel, at least his conduct is wilful, and not obviously made to order for the British Wholesale Association for the Supply of Moral Fiction. On the stage he acquires possibility, but loses fascination. The flimsiness of Rassendyl is terribly exposed by the footlights. The notion that in England every futile, harum-scarum, good-naturedly selfish Johnny is a hero who only needs opportunity to display the noblest qualities, and have his hand kissed by veterans and high-souled ladies, is as popular, because as widely flattering, as that other idea that our yachts constitute a reserve fleet, and our shopmen a reserve army which in case of invasion would rush from behind the counter to hurl the foe back in confusion from the soil of England. It is, of course, pleasant to think that valuable qualities are dirt cheap in our own country; but I, unluckily, am constitutionally sceptical as to the heroism of people who never do anything heroic. However disgusting this cynicism of mine may appear, I noticed that Rassendyl pleased the audience at the St. James's in all the passages where he appears as a reckless young gentleman impersonating the King of Ruritania for a lark, and rubbed it the wrong way in all his attempts to pose as a king of men. The only qualities needed for his exploit are impudence and the not very uncommon sort of dare-devilry that induces young men to risk breaking their necks at bodily exercises for the mere excitement of the thing. The real author and hero of it is Colonel Sapt, who risks his life as much as Rassendyl, besides taking his chance of the English stranger breaking down or backing out. All the anxiety is his, as well as all the serious purpose and contrivance. When he addresses the sham king as "You damned young fool!" for exposing himself idly to an unnecessary risk of discovery, the audience is sympathetic and satisfied. When he kneels down and kisses Rassendyl's hand in homage to the innate princeliness which that gentleman has in no wise displayed, it is impossible not to feel revolted. And there you have the false note of the play.

Perhaps the most serious consequence of this mistake is the Prologue. Mr. Rose knows far too much about the theatre to suppose that the resemblance of Rassendyl to the King of Ruritania needed any explanation. An audience will always accept a resemblance with eagerness as a freak of nature. What Mr. Rose wanted to do was to place Rassendyl under a moral obligation to risk his life for the red Elphberg because the red Elphberg's grandfather sacrificed his life for Rassendyl's grandmother. Now, I submit not only that the motive appeals to that bogus-kingly side of Rassendyl's character which had better have been left out, but that even so its compulsion is ridiculously unconvincing. If a gentleman were to ask me to lend him half-a-crown on the strength of a relationship based on the following circumstances: to wit, that his grandfather had seduced my grandmother; fought a duel with my grandmother's husband, in the course of which he had been run through during a moment of inattention caused by the entry of the lady; declared with his last breath that he had died for her; and finally walked out of the house in his bloodstained shirt in apparently robust health, I should refer that gentleman to the Charity Organization Society.

Besides, Mr. Rose has written the Prologue in the spirit of the nineteenth-century fancier of the eighteenth century rather than in that of the eighteenth century itself. It is a pomander sort of Prologue, thrown

in, not by dramatic necessity, but for the sake of hoops and patches, snuff-boxes and silk coats—above all, a duel by candlelight, without which no eighteenth-century drama would be complete. Mr. Rose has often written pleasantly about these and other more remote and lavender antiquities; but in giving way to them on the stage he has been beset by the temptation to lay the scene out not only for obsolete dresses and incidents, but for obsolete acting, and even obsolete drama. I should not be surprised to learn that he had pleaded hard with Mr. Alexander to have a door knocked through the proscenium in order that Miss Mabel Hackney might enter through it with two black pages carrying her train, as the stage custom was in those days. The Prologue, in short, exhibits Mr. Rose as the man of sentimental fancies and antiquarian learning rather than as the playwright. It will be useful as a curtain-raiser; but it is not essential to the comprehension or enjoyment of the play.

The play itself, as far as the novel will let it, brings into action Mr. Rose's best qualities as a dramatist: his humour, his intelligence in the more generous issues of human feeling, and his insight, which is engagingly disabled—especially in the case of his feminine characters—by a certain shy anxiety to apologize to the lady for the intrusion, and present her with a favourable construction for what he has discovered. It is a thousand pities that the novel contained no figures sufficiently rounded and solid to make the drama really live. Still, unsubstantial as they are, they are superficially natural; and the play hops genially and adventurously along to the final speeches of Flavia and Rassendyl, which make a very pretty ending. A strong ending could only have been achieved by throwing the novel over, and changing the drunken imbecile of a king into an able but unlovable man, as whose consort Flavia might reasonably feel that her high destiny (rather a sentimental fancy, by the way, that high destiny!) would be better fulfilled than with the lovable but feather-brained Rassendyl.

The performance is a curiously haphazard one, considering its costliness and elaboration. Though the prevalent style of play is in the usual quiet St. James's key, some of the characters rush on the stage supercharged with dramatic excitement, and momentarily upset all congruity of style. Mr. Cautley or Mr. Alexander will certainly either kill or be killed some night, unless the sabre fight at the end is more carefully preconcerted than it was on the first night. What is called the coronation scene—meaning the scene in which Rassendyl goes off the stage to be crowned and comes back when the ceremony is over—seems a very quiet little drawing-room-party business to a musical critic nursed on "Le Prophète" and the Wagnerian music drama; but it is enjoyable in its unsensational way. The dresses are recklessly expensive and not unhandsome. If I had never been taught to use my eyes as a critic of pictures, I might, perhaps, have been satisfied with the sunset scene in the forest of Zenda: as it was, the hopeless absurdity of the foreground light where Mr. Alexander lay at the foot of the tree, set me speculating as to when some serious attempt will be made to produce any of the subtler effects of open air on the stage. The acting was mostly very easy. Mr. Vernon, as Colonel Sapt, had the best part—indeed, in a sense the only part—and he left all the rest far behind in it. Mr. Alexander was capital in the comedy passages, and delivered his speeches in the last scene finely, but was bad in the drunken episode, which he played like a seasoned teetotaler. The rest of his part, or rather parts, was the wrong side of Rassendyl, which nothing could make really effective. Mr. Waring did what was possible to give an air of substance to the nullity called Duke Michael; and Mr. Lawrence Cautley had not the material in his lines for producing the dashing diabolical effect of the Hentzau of the novel. The truth is that half the company are doing nothing but "supering," although they are of course neither lineless nor nameless. Miss Millard has apparently taken the most heroic measures to transform herself into a true red Elphberg. She played with a touch of passion in the later scenes; but she was a little flat in the second act through her deficiency in comedy, her sense of humour resolutely refusing to express itself artistically. Miss Olga Brandon had nothing to do but embody the description of the Mayor's

wife as a pretty woman; but though the part is nothing, Miss Brandon certainly got the last inch out of it, and something over, making more of her curtsy than a good many actresses make of a speech. Miss Lily Hanbury was fairly successful in grappling with Antoinette de Mauban; and Miss Mabel Hackney, not as yet a very finished executant, conceived her part in the Prologue excellently.

Mr. Wilson Barrett has given me such unbounded delight by his feat of persuading the London critics that several of the most characteristic passages in his "Sign of the Cross" are quotations from the Bible that I have nothing but praise for him. Sterne's "tempering the wind to the shorn lamb" need never again be quoted as the champion instance of scripturization. It is true that Mr. Wilson Barrett, following the universal law of art development, has founded his Sermon on the Mount to some extent on the original one; but I can assure the public that the text of "The Sign of the Cross" is essentially original; and if Mr. Wilson Barrett writes to the papers to assure us, in the usual terms, that so far from his having taken his play from the Bible, he has never even read that volume, I am quite prepared to believe him. His literary style is altogether different. The play is a monument of sacred and profane history. The influence of Ibsen is apparent throughout, the Norwegian keynote being struck by Mr. Barrett himself in the words:—"How many crimes are committed under the cloak of duty!" With scathing, searching irony, and with resolute courage in the face of the prejudiced British public, he has drawn a terrible contrast between the Romans ("Pagans, I regret to say," as Mr. Pecksniff remarked of the sirens), with their straightforward sensuality, and the strange, perverted voluptuousness of the Christians, with their shuddering exaltations of longing for the whip, the rack, the stake, and the lions. The whole drama lies in the spectacle of the hardy Roman prefect, a robust soldier and able general, gradually falling under the spell of a pale Christian girl, white and worn with spiritual ecstasy, and beautiful as Mary Anderson. As she gradually throws upon him the fascination of suffering and martyrdom, he loses his taste for wine; the courtesans at his orgies disgust him; heavenly visions obsess him; undreamt-of raptures of sacrifice, agony, and escape from the world to indescribable holiness and bliss tempt him; and finally he is seen, calm and noble, but stark mad, following the girl to her frightfully voluptuous death. It is a tremendous moral lesson; and though I am pagan enough to most intensely dislike the flogging and racking and screaming on the stage (I really am such a bloodless creature that I take no delight in torture), yet no doubt it helps to drive the irony of the theme home.

On the intellectual side, Christianity hardly receives justice from Mr. Wilson Barrett. "Christianity is not in itself a crime," says Marcus to Nero. "Marcus argues strongly, Cæsar," is Poppea's comment. I must say I think Poppea is rather too easily satisfied. But, after all, we do not want to hear the case argued at this time of day. What we enjoy is being so familiarly in Rome that it sounds quite natural when such directions to wayfarers as "Fourth on the right from the statue of Hercules" are given by the lictors. We come into the presence of Nero, and hear him ordering a set of living torches for that evening, and boasting of what an artist he is. We see the Roman ladies at home sticking pins into their slaves, and the Roman diner-out exhausted by his second vomit. We hear the thunder of the chariot race, and see the gladiator enter the arena. And we have, as aforesaid, whips and racks, chains and dungeons, uplifted crosses and Christian martyrs, not to mention plenty of music well handled by Mr. Edward Jones, with hymns for the Christians, waltzes for the Romans, and Sullivan's "Thou'rt passing hence, my brother," and Gounod's "Nazareth" on the cornet and sackbut between the acts.

The mounting is handsome, and the stage management good and unselfish, all the parts being played with quite extraordinary spirit, and in no way sacrificed to the actor-manager's. I have never seen better work got out of a company. Mr. Wilson Barrett has honestly sunk the actor in the author, and done his best for the play, instead of for himself personally. Indeed, the one conspicuous and laughable oversight is in Mr. Barrett's

own make-up. Instead of wearing the proper cropped Roman wig, he wears his own hair in his old familiar feminine fashion, with the result that when he first steps on the stage he presents such an amazing resemblance to Miss Victor that, instead of applauding him, I stared with a shocked conviction that I had that lady before me in the costume of a Roman warrior. The effect is amusing; but it spoils an otherwise manly picture.

G. B. S.

MONEY MATTERS.

IN spite of bad and anxious times, City men have not been altogether displeased at the opportunity recently afforded of paying off old scores against Imperial Germany and her malevolent "honest broker" at Friedrichsruh. Things looked rather gloomy on the Stock Exchange from Saturday last until Wednesday, when a more cheerful feeling prevailed owing to the energetic action of the Government and the release of Dr. Jameson and his comrades. On Thursday a further improvement was recorded in all departments. In the case of many stocks in which a day or two previously there were only sellers, there were only buyers, wishing to cover their "bear" operations. On the whole general business was almost at a standstill during the past week, and many prices were lowered merely for want of buyers. Consols went as low as 105½, but on Thursday they touched 106.

It is asserted that the majority of Uitlanders at Johannesburg are Jews; and, if this be true, it is not surprising that they were not peculiarly anxious to fight. If we may judge by probabilities, their intention was not only to save their own precious skins, but also to fill their pockets by entering into large "bear" operations here in anticipation of Dr. Jameson's expected invasion. The "bears" are now trying to buy back what they sold, and the result was a sharp advance all round in "Africans," amounting in some cases to 25 per cent. and more from the lowest prices. For the rest, the labour question is every day becoming of more vital importance in the near future of South African mines. The Cape correspondent of the "Times," we note, telegraphed on Thursday that outward-bound steamers are crowded with miners returning home in consequence of the disturbed condition of the country. We should recommend investors to leave mines alone for the present.

Money was abundant during the past week, and day-to-day loans were easily procurable at ¼ to ½ per cent., whilst for short periods ¾ per cent. was asked. Not much business was done in the discount market, but rates were inclined to be firm. The rate for three months' bills was 1½ per cent.; for four months', 1½ to 1½ per cent.; and for six months' it varied between 1½ and 1½ per cent. Indian and Colonial loans were weak. The Bank rate remains unchanged at 2 per cent.

The traffic returns for the past week have been most favourable in the case of Home Railways, and though the Market was momentarily quiet and dull, in sympathy with Consols, there was no weakness, whilst on Thursday an improvement in prices was recorded. Among the traffic receipts the most noteworthy were those of the Brighton, the South-Eastern, the Sheffield, the Caledonian, the Chatham, and the Great Western lines. American Railways, after falling several points on Monday owing to the report that Mr. Carlisle was inviting public tenders for the proposed loan, recovered later in the week, when it was reported, on the other hand, that the loan would be subscribed, after all, by the Bond Syndicate. The quieter aspect of affairs in the Transvaal, and a belief that the Venezuela question was in a fair way to amicable settlement, contributed to the improvement in prices.

United States finance is the region of surprises. Last week we described a loan scheme which President Cleveland had arranged with the Morgan Syndicate for bolstering up the Treasury reserve. It had then been ractically settled, but on Sunday at midnight Treasurer

Carlisle sent out a prospectus of the most extraordinary kind, calling on the American people at large to come to his rescue by tendering for four per cent. twenty-year bonds in amounts of fifty dollars and upwards. He gave them a whole month to think over it, and to find the gold which alone he would accept for the bonds, though he would not undertake to pay gold back—only coin. Conjecture has been rife as to the cause of this sudden left wheel at the last moment. The President was said to have revolted against the Morgan Syndicate because he thought it was pushing him into a corner. Mr. Morgan was said to have backed out because of defections among his underwriters in Europe and opposition in banking circles at home. The Secretary of the Treasury was said to have taken fright at threatened proceedings in Congress should he repeat the operation of last March. Meanwhile, the "New York World" is running the popular loan for all it is worth, which is very little. So sceptical is Wall Street about it that gold shipments are being resumed in considerable volume, and any day the President may have to make another appeal to Mr. Morgan to save the situation once more.

Canadian Pacific shares, which closed on Monday at 52½, touched 53½ on Thursday. Grand Trunk Stocks were fairly firm in the latter part of the week; the latest traffic returns showed an increase of £4,422 upon the corresponding week in 1895. Mexican Railway Stocks were weak. South American Railways and South American Stocks generally were dull, but inclined to be firm, and prices on Thursday recovered to about the prices of the previous Saturday. International Stocks shared in the recovery, owing to repurchases by operators for the fall and the better tone prevailing in the South African market and on the Continental bourses. The only notable exception to this better state of things was Spanish Four per Cents., which at 59½ still showed a relapse of 1½ per cent. The general Mining Market was almost neglected, but both Indian and West Australian shares moved upward in price. Copper shares, too, were firm. Silver was little dealt in, and the price per ounce stood at about 30½d.

THE FATE OF THE CHARTERED COMPANY.

This week there have been three questions on the lips of the Stock Exchange—What is the German Emperor to do next? What are the Boers to do with Jameson? and What is to happen to the Chartered Company? Of the three, the last has been, perhaps, uppermost in the speculative mind. A great deal depended on it, and it admitted of great variety of opinion. One day pessimist views prevailed, and nothing else was apprehended than the revocation of the Company's charter; while all its available assets might have to be sacrificed to the Boers as a war indemnity. Next day the optimists got the upper hand, and ridiculed the idea of any serious trouble happening to the Company. It might have to be relieved of its political functions; but that would be a great saving to it, and enable it to devote all its energy to the development of its goldfields. Between these opposite views, neither of which could kick the balance, the Market hesitated, like a donkey between two bundles of hay, and Chartered shares did not fluctuate more than a few shillings on the week.

The very uncertainty of the outlook should have caused a much greater movement; but holders were too bewildered to form an opinion, so they sat still and did nothing. Seeing that there are twenty thousand of them, more or less, it was lucky for the Market they did so. But the alternative has yet to be faced, and it means a great deal for Chartered shares. Whether they are to return to their high-water mark of 8½ or to their deep level record, which, if we remember rightly, was 12s., depends on the decision of the Government as to the Company's future. That, in its turn, will depend on a variety of influences which may be brought to bear on the Government during the pending reorganization of our South African policy. There will, of course, be an investigation into the origin of the Jameson raid and its responsible authors. Should it confirm existing suspicions as to the complicity of the Company's officials from the

highest to the lowest in the violation of the Transvaal territory, that presumably would settle the question.

If the Company were, however, to pass through the first ordeal successfully, there would be several more to follow. President Kruger, who has to be humoured, for the present at least, is notoriously incensed against the Company and Mr. Rhodes. The German Government honours them with an equal, if not a stronger, animosity. If Mr. Kruger chooses to stipulate for guarantees against further disturbance from his too lively neighbours north of the Limpopo, the Colonial Office will find it difficult to refuse, and any concession it makes will have to be at the expense of the Chartered Company. The greatest risk of all, however, may come from the Colonial Office itself. Not at all unlikely, Mr. Chamberlain may see the necessity for a vigorous and comprehensive treatment of the Transvaal question. A policy capable of presenting a firm but friendly front to Boers, Uitlanders, Afrikaners, and Germans alike is obviously needed, and the Minister who undertakes it must have a free hand. The work which Mr. Rhodes was supposed to be doing so brilliantly has been undone in a single night; it lies in ruins. Mr. Chamberlain will have to start *de novo*, and as far as possible with a clean sheet. Best of all for him if the Chartered Company could be quietly wiped out, and its showy but sinister history forgotten.

From a market point of view there are thus possible solutions of the deadlock ranging in gravity from complete liquidation to the mere curtailment of the Company's political powers. It seems to us, however, probable that the Charter will be revoked absolutely, and the Company's territory taken over by the Imperial Government. In this event the Company would have to make the best bargain it could with the Government for its actual assets. The recent liquidation of the British East Africa Company offers a precedent more favourable to the Government than to the shareholders. It was bought out for about ten shillings in the pound of its capital. The price given by the Government should depend to some extent upon the degree in which Mr. Rhodes, as Managing Director, was implicated in the Jameson raid.

NEW ISSUES.

CANADA WESTERN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

In the interests of investors and others who entertain high hopes with regard to the future of British Columbia, we recently exposed a questionable scheme called the Lillooet, Fraser River, and Cariboo Goldfields, Limited. From all parts of the Province we have received congratulatory messages thanking us for our condemnation of Messrs. Sperling & Co.'s promotion. We are now in a position to give some particulars of another project of which British Columbia is being made the victim. This is the Canada Western Central Railway (otherwise known as the British Pacific), and it is a scheme which in magnitude and audacity far surpasses any of the wild-cat enterprises which have hitherto injured the credit of British Columbia and diverted capital from legitimate and sound undertakings. Before proceeding to give particulars of this scheme, it is necessary that the present political position of the Government of British Columbia should be to some extent explained, in order that the uninitiated may fully appreciate the motives which have caused a responsible Government to lend its support to such a speculation as the Canada Western Central Railway. The seat of Government is at Victoria, Vancouver Island. That city was once the centre of trade and the distributing point for the whole province; but since the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway the trade has been gradually transferred to the city of Vancouver, the terminus of the railway. This circumstance has, not unnaturally, given rise to some amount of jealousy on the part of the inhabitants of Victoria. The present Government were in power long before the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and since then they have been enabled to retain office owing to what is stated to have been a grossly unjust distribution of seats and the liberal use, on the eve of elections, of moneys appropriated for public works. Before the general election of 1894 the Island returned four Opposition members, three of these repre-

senting the city of Victoria. At that election the Government candidates adopted as an election cry the construction of a second transcontinental railway, terminating at Victoria, and the consequence was that the Opposition was wiped out so far as the Island was concerned, whilst the Government stood pledged to an undertaking which their supporters represented to the electors as being certain to rehabilitate the fallen fortunes of the Province.

The Canada Western Central Railway was incorporated by an Act of the local Legislature as far back as 6 April, 1889, and since that date its promoters have been endeavouring to raise capital, but without success. On 10 April, 1893, the Company was granted a renewal of its charter, the conditions of which had not been carried out. Chief Justice Davie (then Premier), in moving the second reading of the Bill, read a letter from the solicitors of the Company, Messrs. Bodwell & Irving, dated Victoria, 6 April, 1893, in which the following passages occur:—

"We have made every possible effort to finance the undertaking on the basis of the land grant subsidies alone, and in order to accomplish this we have laid the enterprise before the leading financial houses of the United States and Europe; and, although on many occasions we have apparently been on the eve of success, we have found at the last moment that those on whom we relied for financial aid had withdrawn, as they were not sufficiently satisfied with the security offered.

"The difficulty principally arises from the fact that a road such as this, running through an entirely new country, will have no earning capacity during the period of construction, and after construction, for a considerable period, there will be, for the same reason, little hope of its being able to pay more than the operating expenses.

"In organizing this Company for the purpose which we have stated, they (the capitalists) have insisted as a term of undertaking the responsibility which we have asked them to assume that we should request some financial accommodation from the Province.

"We propose that the Government should guarantee the interest on these securities (the Company's bonds) to an amount not exceeding \$15,000 per mile of road constructed."

It appears to us that the renewal of the charter in the face of the above statements almost pledges the Government to grant the guarantee, as they would not otherwise be justified in putting the Company to further expense. The point to be considered by intending investors is whether, in the present financial position of the province of British Columbia, a guarantee of 3 per cent. on \$15,000 per mile on a line of such length would be good security. In the course of last year the Province borrowed £420,000. In the prospectus of this loan the Hon. Mr. Turner, the Premier and Finance Minister, states that the net funded debt amounted to £600,000, making a total of £1,020,000; but he omits to mention the liability of the Province for the interest on the bonds of the Victoria and Sidney, the Sushwap and Okanagan, and the Nakusp and Slocan Railways, none of which are paying properties. The two former cost the Province \$49,519 for interest for the year ending 30 June, 1894, so that their prospect of paying seems extremely remote. The net revenue of the Province, which had shown a continuous increase up to the year ending 30 June, 1892, is now decreasing, while the expenditure is increasing in a positively alarming manner. The following figures are official:—

	30 June, 1892	30 June, 1893	30 June, 1894
Net expenditure ...	\$1,370,431	\$1,431,438	\$1,514,405
Net revenue ...	1,038,237	1,019,206	821,660
Deficit ...	\$332,194	\$412,232	\$692,745

The above figures point to bankruptcy at a not very distant date, and this consummation can only be avoided by the Government taking immediate steps to make their expenditure and revenue balance, instead of carrying on the ordinary government of the country with borrowed money. When the promoters of the Canada Western Central Railway talk about a second transcontinental railway, to terminate at Victoria, we can scarcely believe that they are in earnest. We are rather inclined to think that the real object of these

astute gentlemen is a Government guarantee of their bonds, which would "boom" the land in the north-west end of the Island, and enable them to get out of the concern most profitably to themselves. It must be remembered that the Canadian Pacific Railway cost \$50,000 per mile from the summit of the Rockies to the coast, a distance of over 500 miles. It is, therefore, rather improbable that the Canada Western Central would undertake to construct a line of greater length through a similar country for a less guarantee than that asked for—namely, 3 per cent. on \$15,000 per mile. And, as the distance from the Tête Juane Cache Pass, in the Rockies, to the head of Bute Inlet—the route proposed—is about 500 miles, the guarantee on this portion of the line would amount to \$225,000 per annum. At this cost the Province would be possessed of a line which would have one terminus in the Rockies, and the other at the head of Bute Inlet; for the main portion of the line lying beyond the boundary of British Columbia could not be guaranteed by the Local Government. From Bute Inlet there would be a passage of 80 miles by water to the nearest suitable port on the Island, about the same as there now is between Vancouver City and Victoria; but the promoters of the scheme say they will carry the line on to the Island by constructing it along the west shore of Bute Inlet, and then bridging over the intervening channels—namely, Arran Rapids, 1,137 ft.; No. 1 Channel, 1,397 ft.; No. 2, 1,236 ft.; No. 3, 704 ft.; Middle do., 1,190 ft.; Seymour Narrows, with rock near centre, with 18 ft. of water at low tide, 2,575 ft. The line would then join the Island railway, and terminate at Victoria, but goods despatched by this route would have to be carried for over three hundred miles by rail to avoid thirty miles of water carriage, as compared with the Canadian Pacific, with which company this line would be in direct competition. \$60,000,000 would be a low estimate for this portion of the road. In the face of the facts that this Company proposes to commence work on the Island, that the directors are reported to be interested in lands in the north-west end of the Island, that no arrangements have been made with the other Provinces of the Dominion through which the line must pass, that its cost is enormous, and that the prospect of any return is very uncertain, we really cannot believe that the Company is in earnest in proposing to construct a trans-continental railway on the guarantee of the Province. And in saying this we have in our mind the difficulties met with in constructing the Canadian Pacific Railway, and the severe strain which was put on the whole Dominion of Canada before that undertaking could be carried through. The public who are asked to invest must be the judges; but if the scheme resolves itself, as we do not think improbable, into the construction of a few miles of railway on the Island, and perhaps the purchase of the Victoria and Nanaimo Railway, which is a non-paying business, the scheme means little less than a fraud upon the investing public.

In the prospectus of the last loan, to which we have already referred, the Hon. Mr. Turner, Premier and Finance Minister, directed Messrs. Woolston & Beeton, of Austin Friars, E.C., to introduce the following clause:—"1. The Government of British Columbia have authorized the loan agents to say—(1) That after the present loan of £420,000 has been raised, no new debt will be incurred for at least three years from the 1st July next, but the right is reserved of raising money for the redemption of securities already in existence and of carrying on the conversion of any outstanding loan; and (2) that when the public works have been carried out for which the present loan is intended to provide, it is believed that further expenditure for such purposes will not entail further borrowing, but that the cost of such works as the development of the country may require, and which may not be carried out by means of surplus revenue, may be met by the proceeds of land sales."

Now, to guarantee the bonds of the Canada Western Central Railway would be a direct violation of the first portion of this clause. The second statement quoted is calculated to deceive the public, as about two-thirds of the loan was required to meet the liabilities of the Government on such work as the unnecessary Parliament buildings which are being erected at Victoria, and

current expenses, and not for the development of the country. The remaining third will not suffice to carry on the ordinary expenses of Government for the next three years, so that at the end of that period the Province will again find itself in arrears. Mr. Turner talks of surplus revenue; but there has been none since 1872, nor is there likely to be any. On the contrary, we find on reference to the public accounts that there has been a steadily increasing deficit as regards land sales, which are an expenditure of the capital of the Province and its only substantial asset. It is not surprising, however, that these show a large falling off, as no prudent investor would buy land in a country where the taxation is yearly increasing without any prospect of diminution. Furthermore, it should be borne in mind that the Province of British Columbia is practically a new country. It is undeveloped and unexplored, and, for the greater part of its area, unpopulated. It offers a congenial field for the operations of speculators and adventurers. Such of these as belong to the country are the most dangerous to its prospects, for in too many instances they act with the support and connivance of the Government.

STREETER & COMPANY, LIMITED.

In connexion with the article which appeared in our last issue, we have received another long letter from Messrs. Smiles & Co. The only material statements which this letter contains are "that the profits mentioned (in the prospectus of Streeter & Co., Limited) are net profits," and that "had the profits been given for the last three years, or for the last two years, or even for the last one year (*sic!*) the average in either case would have been larger than that of the last seven years given in the prospectus." We are glad to publish these statements, which we cannot but accept upon the authority of Messrs. Smiles & Co. We must, however, express our very great surprise that the accountant's certificate, which contained such facts as these, should not have been reproduced verbatim in the prospectus. Surely it would be difficult to find a worse-drawn prospectus than that of Streeter & Company, Limited.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We have received the following letter from Mr. Oscar Beringer's solicitors:—

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

65, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C., 9 January, 1896.

SIR,—Mr. Oscar Beringer has consulted us with reference to the leading article signed "J. F. R." which appeared in your issue of Saturday last. The true facts of the case, which have already appeared in the public journals, are these:—

Among Mr. Beringer's pupils was a promising child whose father has been for many years a British subject, and who has herself continuously lived in England since she was four years old. In the circumstances it seemed to Mr. Beringer that if she did not come within the conditions (which can, as we understand, be varied at any time by the donors) of the Erard Scholarship, she at least came within the spirit of its conditions, and Mr. Beringer, with perfect fairness, laid the facts of the case before the authorities, and with their consent the child was allowed to compete, on the plainly expressed understanding that the question of whether she was legally eligible or not should be properly decided thereafter, should she be so fortunate (which she was not) as to gain the scholarship. Nothing that happened justifies any of the extravagant abuse contained in your article. The case is not "an infamous case," Mr. Beringer's pupil did not "win the scholarship in defiance of law, honour and common decency," she would not have done so if she had been returned at the top of the list (a position which another of Mr. Beringer's pupils occupied), nor did she, in fact, win the scholarship at all. To write of a transaction which was fairly, honestly, and honourably carried out as a "feat of dishonesty from which the most hardened bogus Company promoter

might well shrink" is to use language which is a disgrace to journalism and an indelible disgrace to the man who wrote it. So far as that individual is concerned, we will presently deal with him. So far as your paper is concerned, Mr. Beringer requires that this letter, together with a withdrawal and expression of regret on your part, shall be inserted in your issue of Saturday next, the 11th inst., in as conspicuous a position as the original article was published; failing which, we shall be obliged if you will inform us the names of your solicitors who will accept service of process on your behalf.

Yours truly,

HASTIES.

[As will be seen, the article referred to was not a "leading article," but an article signed with the initials of a well-known musical critic. Mr. Beringer's solicitors call upon us to withdraw certain expressions used in the article and to express our regret for publishing them. Inasmuch as our critic points out to us that the most objectionable of these expressions ("infamous case" &c.) do not apply, and were not intended to apply to Mr. Oscar Beringer, we imagine that that gentleman will be satisfied by the statement of the fact. Further, our critic shows that he said "may win scholarships," and, being acquainted with the well-known facts, did not dream of implying that the scholarship was actually won. The last sentence of the article clearly does not refer to Mr. Beringer in any way, and therefore does not justify the intemperate reference to our critic. Naturally, however, we regret that any expression in this paper should have given occasion for misunderstanding. We can only add that we are sorry that Messrs. Hasties should have seen fit to close their letter with a menace that might give to this really willing explanation an appearance of being made under pressure.—ED. S. R.]

THE AFRICAN AMBITIONS OF GERMANY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

LONDON, 9 January, 1896.

SIR,—During the discussion on the Stokes case you allowed me to raise a warning against England being led by a blind thirst for vengeance into a quarrel with our one ally in Equatorial Africa, and thus playing into the hands of our most dangerous rival. I did not then expect that we should have so soon such an impressive lesson of the African ambitions of our grasping neighbour. No one who has watched German policy since 1889 can fail to see that it is based on the resolve to hinder the further growth of British influence in Africa south of the Equator. It aims at extending the frontiers of German East Africa westward until they reach those of Portuguese West Africa. It will then easily, by bluff, or purchase, or by playing on fear and distrust of England, wring from Portugal a strip of land along the right bank of the Kabompo. This accomplished, German East and West Africa will be connected, and British progress to the north be completely barred. In order to forward this scheme, Germany is naturally only too glad to foster race-hatred and delay union in South Africa, so that our attention may be diverted from the region to the north, and our hands be weakened in the struggle for supremacy in Equatorial Africa.

The fact that the Kaiser's telegram has called prominent attention to the aggressive character of German African ambitions is at least one good that has resulted from Jameson's deplorable raid.—Yours obediently,

EAST AFRICAN.

THE ADDRESS TO AMERICAN AUTHORS AND THE AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

LONDON, 7 January, 1896.

SIR,—I am glad that you have opened your columns to a discussion on this subject.

Perhaps you will allow me to say that during the last ten days I have been in communication with many authors, both great and small, and I have found the

feeling to be one of almost unanimous condemnation of this uncalled-for, ill-judged, and ill-written manifesto. It is unnecessary for me to criticize it in detail, for the historical, geographical, and grammatical errors with which it abounds, its abject and fulsome tone, and its "shilling-shocker" style, have already been ably dealt with in your pages. Rumour says that the "writer of distinction" who penned the Address is Mr. Hall Caine, and that it may be regarded as a specimen of the after-dinner oratory with which he regaled "our kinsfolk in America" on his recent tour. If this be so, then the "Ambassador of Letters" had better have stopped at home: there is nothing gained by making English authors ridiculous.

My object is to call attention to another aspect of the case. Why did this extraordinary effusion receive the official sanction of the Authors' Society? And why has it been printed, circulated, and canvassed for at the Society's expense?

On the 28th ult. I, in common with other members of the Authors' Society, received a printed copy of this Address, together with a letter from the Secretary. On the 2nd inst. I received a copy of "The Author," the official organ of the Society, conducted by Sir Walter Besant, in which the objectionable Address again appears in large type, and is accompanied by an earnest appeal for signatures. On the 3rd inst. the Secretary writes an official letter to the "Times" on the matter. In addition, I happen to know that one or two prominent members of the Society have been making personal appeals, *ad misericordiam*, to obtain signatures to this miserable document. To what end is all this? The Authors' Society exists primarily for the defence of literary property. I and others joined it under that impression, and we maintain that in the matter of the Address it has gone wholly outside its province.

The hasty action which has been taken affords one more proof that it is high time for the Society to set its house in order. At present it is supposed to be governed by a President who never presides (even at its annual dinner), a Council which rarely if ever meets, and a Committee of Management which does not appear to manage. In proof of this last assertion, I know for a fact that, notwithstanding the issue of the Address was a highly controversial question of policy, and a matter involving the Society in a not inconsiderable expense, the Committee of Management was not consulted *before* its publication. This Committee consists of Sir W. Martin Conway (Chairman), Sir Walter Besant, Sir A. C. Mackenzie, and Messrs. A. W. à Beckett, Egerton Castle, W. M. Colles, John Collier, H. Rider Haggard, Anthony Hope Hawkins, J. M. Lely, Henry Norman, and S. Squire Sprigge. It is absurd to suppose that all these gentlemen would have approved of this document, and I may add that, to my own knowledge, two of them, at least, condemn it quite as strongly as I do. The whole affair seems to have been worked by two or three prominent members on their own initiative. Especially would I mention Mr. Hall Caine and Sir Walter Besant.

The Society does not publish any list of members—why, I do not know, unless it be that it is ashamed to uncover its nakedness—but it is said to consist of some eight hundred to a thousand "authors," who each subscribe one guinea a year. So far as one can judge from its annual dinner, a great number of these are practically unknown writers, and a large proportion of them are women. It is chiefly on behalf of these inexperienced and unknown writers that I am writing now. They have been induced to join the Authors' Society because they think that in some way it may help them in their business arrangements with publishers, and help others also. It is cruelly unjust that their hard-earned guineas should be squandered on the printing and postage of this Address. And it is scandalous that such a policy should have been adopted, and such an expense incurred, without previous consultation with the Committee of Management. If the "writer of distinction" and his friends wish to advertise their sentiments, well and good. But they should at least have the decency to do it at their own expense, and not out of the pockets of their poorer brethren.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, W. H. WILKINS.

REVIEWS.

IN THE SCHOOL OF BATTLE: THE MAKING OF A SOLDIER.

"The Red Badge of Courage." By Stephen Crane.
London: Heinemann. 1896.

AT a time like the present, when England, isolated by the jealousy and assailed by the threats of powerful rivals, is rising to the situation, and showing that the heart of the nation is as sound after the long Victorian peace as it was in the days of the Armada, that the desperate if lawless enterprise of Jameson and Willoughby is as near to the general heart of the people as were the not very dissimilar enterprises of the old Elizabethan captains, a want, which has long existed, makes itself felt with increased intensity—the want of some book that shall satisfy the well-nigh universal desire to know the inmost truths of the experiences which actual battle alone bestows on the men engaged in it.

The want finds the book as the opportunity finds the man: Mr. Stephen Crane's "Red Badge of Courage" really supplies the want more completely, and therefore more satisfactorily, than any other book with which we are acquainted. Tolstōi, in his "War and Peace" and his sketches of Sebastopol, has given, with extraordinary depth of insight and extraordinary artistic skill, the effect of battle on the ordinary man, whether cultured officer or simple and rough soldier; but he takes no one man through the long series of experiences and impressions which Mr. Crane describes in its effects on young Henry Fleming, a raw recruit who first saw service in the last American Civil War. While the impressions of fighting, and especially of wounds and death, on an individual soldier have been painted with marvellously vivid touches by Tolstōi, the impressions of battle on a body of men, a regiment, have been also realized and represented with characteristic vigour by Mr. Rudyard Kipling in such admirable work as "The Drums of the Fore and Aft." With less imagination, but with an accumulated mass of studied knowledge altogether too laboured, M. Zola in "La Débâcle" has done some excellent literary work, but work not so convincing as Kipling's, and work certainly far inferior to Mr. Stephen Crane's, whose picture of the effect of actual fighting on a raw regiment is simply unapproached in intimate knowledge and sustained imaginative strength. This we say without forgetting Mérimée's celebrated account of the taking of the redoubt. The writing of the French stylist is, no doubt, much superior in its uniform excellence; but Mr. Crane, in the supreme moments of the fight, is possessed by the fiery breath of battle, as a Pythian priestess by the breath of the God, and finds an inspired utterance that will reach the universal heart of man. Courage in facing wounds and death is the special characteristic of man among the animals, of man who sees into the future, and has therefore much to deter him that affects him alone. Indeed, man, looking at the past, might almost be described as the fighting animal; and Mr. Crane's extraordinary book will appeal strongly to the insatiable desire, latent or developed, to know the psychology of war—how the sights and sounds, the terrible details of the drama of battle, affect the senses and the soul of man. Whether Mr. Crane has had personal experience of the scenes he depicts we cannot say from external evidence; but the extremely vivid touches of detail convince us that he has. Certainly, if his book were altogether a work of the imagination, unbased on personal experience, his realism would be nothing short of a miracle. Unquestionably his knowledge, as we believe acquired in war, has been assimilated and has become a part of himself. At the heated crises of the battle he has the war fever—the Berserk fury in his veins, he lives in the scenes he depicts, he drinks to the dregs the bitter cup of defeat and the bitter cup of fear and shame with his characters no less completely than he thrills with their frantic rage when repulsed by the enemy, and their frantic joy when they charge home.

"The Red Badge of Courage"—a name which means, we may perhaps explain, a wound received in open

fight with the enemy—is the narrative of two processes: the process by which a raw youth develops into a tried and trustworthy soldier, and the process by which a regiment that has never been under fire develops into a finished and formidable fighting machine. Henry Fleming, the youth who is the protagonist of this thrillingly realistic drama of war, has for deuteragonist Wilson, the loud young boaster. Wilson, however, comes only occasionally into the series of pictures of fighting, and of the impressions that fighting produces on the hypersensitive nerves of the chief character. Fleming, a neurotic lad, constitutionally weak and intensely egotistic, fanciful and easily excited, enlists in the Northern Army, and finds himself a raw recruit in a new regiment, derisively greeted by veteran regiments as "fresh fish." Nights of morbid introspection afflict the youth with the intolerable question, Will he funk when the fighting comes? Thus he continues to question and torture himself till his feelings are raised to the *n*th power of sensitiveness. At last, after many false alarms and fruitless preparations, the real battle approaches, and whatever confidence in himself remained oozes away from the lonely lad. "He lay down in the grass. The blades pressed tenderly against his cheek. The liquid stillness of the night enveloping him made him feel vast pity for himself. . . . He wished without reserve that he was at home again." He talked with his comrades, but found no sign of similar weakness. He felt himself inferior to them: an outcast. Then, in the grey dawn, after such a night of fear, they start hastily for the front. "He felt carried along by a mob. The sun spread disclosing rays, and one by one regiments burst into view like armed men just born from the earth. The youth perceived that the time had come. He was about to be measured. For a moment he felt in the face of his great trial like a babe, and the flesh over his heart seemed very thin." He looked round him, but there was no escape from the regiment. "He was in a moving box." The experiences of the battle are led up to with masterly skill. First he is fascinated by the skirmishers, whom he sees running hither and thither, "firing at the landscape." Then comes one of Mr. Crane's vivid poetical conceptions: the advancing line encounters a dead soldier. "He lay upon his back staring at the sky. He was dressed in an awkward suit of yellowish brown. The youth could see that the soles of his shoes had been worn to the thinness of writing paper, and from a great rent in one the dead foot projected piteously. And it was as if death had betrayed the soldier. In death it exposed to his enemies that poverty which in life he had perhaps concealed from his friends. The ranks opened covertly to avoid the corpse. The invulnerable dead man forced a way for himself. The youth looked keenly at the ashen face. The wind raised the tawny beard. It moved as if a hand were stroking it." An unreasoning dread swept over the young recruit; the forest everywhere seemed to hide the enemy, and might any moment bristle with rifle-barrels. He lagged at last, with tragic glances at the sky; only to bring down on himself the young lieutenant of his company with loud reproaches for skulking. The new regiment took its ground in a fringe of wood. Shells came screaming over. "Bullets began to whistle among the branches and hiss at the trees. Twigs and leaves came sailing down. It was as if a thousand axes, wee and invisible, were being wielded." Then the tide of battle moved toward them, and out of the grey smoke came the yells of the combatants, and then a mob of beaten men rushed past, careless of the grim jokes hurled at them. "The battle reflection that shone for an instant on their faces on the mad current made the youth feel" that he would have gladly escaped if he could. "The sight of this stampede exercised a flood-like force that seemed able to drag sticks and stones and men from the ground." At last, "Here they come! Here they come! Gunlocks clicked. Across the smoke-infested fields came a brown swarm of running men who were giving shrill yells. A flag tilted forward sped near the front."

The man at the youth's elbow was mumbling, as if to himself, "Oh! we're in for it now; oh! we're in for it now." The youth fired a wild first shot, and immediately began to work at his weapon automatically. He

lost concern for himself, and felt that something of which he was a part was in a crisis. "He felt the subtle battle-brotherhood more potent even than the cause for which they were fighting." "Following this came a red rage. He had a mad feeling against his rifle, which could only be used against one life at a time." The description goes on, full of vivid realistic touches, of which we can only give a fragment or two. "The steel ramrods clanked and clanged with incessant din as the men pounded them furiously into the hot rifle barrels." The "men dropped here and there like bundles." One man "grunted suddenly as if he had been struck by a club in the stomach. He sat down and gazed ruefully. In his eyes there was mute indefinite reproach." The first attack was repulsed. The youth had stood his ground and was in an ecstasy of self-satisfaction. The supreme trial, he thought, was over. Suddenly from the ranks rose the astonished cry, "Here they come again!" and a fresh attack developed. The men groaned and began to grumble. On came the rebel attack. "Reeling with exhaustion, the youth began to overestimate the strength of the assailants. They must be machines of steel." "He seemed to shut his eyes and wait to be gobbled." Then "a man near him ran with howls—a lad whose face had borne an expression of exalted courage—was in an instant smitten abject. He, too, threw down his gun and fled. There was no shame in his face. He ran like a rabbit." The youth saw their flight—yelled—swung about—and sped to the rear in great leaps. "He ran like a blind man. Two or three times he fell down. Once he knocked his shoulder so heavily against a tree that he went head-long."

The fugitive, after a time, comes upon a procession of wounded men, limping and staggering to the rear. The wounded men fraternize with him, supposing him to be wounded also. The growth of shame that begins with a brotherly question, "Where yeh hit, ol' boy?" is as good as any part of this long psychological study. "At times he regarded the wounded soldiers in an envious way. He wished he too had a wound, a red badge of courage." There was a spectral soldier at his side, whose eyes were fixed in a stare into the unknown; he suddenly recognized his old comrade, Jan Conklin, the tall soldier. The gradual dying on his legs of the tall soldier is described with extraordinary vividness. The soldier, with the instinct of the animal wounded unto death, wishes to creep off and be alone. His comrades, anxious to help him, insist on following him. He suddenly slips away and leaves them. "Leave me be, can't ye? Leave me be for a moment," is his entreaty, and they follow at a distance. They watch his death, as wonderfully described as a death in Tolstoi. "Well, he was reg'lar jim-dandy fer nerve, wa'n't he?" says the tattered soldier in a little awestruck voice. "I never seen a man do like that before." Presently, the incoherent talk of the wounded man is made to reflect with a Sophoclean irony on the runaway youth. The night bivouac in the forest after the battle is finely described. The weary men lying round the fires, under the forest roof; the break in the trees, through which a space of starry sky is seen. At dawn the motionless mass of bodies, thick spread on the ground, look in the grey light as if the place were a charnel-house.

The fighting of the new regiment, a forlorn hope, proceeds with a breathless speed of narrative that emulates the actual rush of the battle-worn and desperate men, among whom there is no flinching or fear now, any more than there is in the sensitive youth, who, having had his battle baptism, is soon to bear the colours, wrenched from the iron grip of the dead colour-sergeant. "As the regiment swung from its position out into a cleared space, the woods and thickets before it awakened. Yellow flames leaped towards it from many directions. . . . The song of the bullets was in the air, and shells snarled in the tree-tops. One tumbled directly in the middle of a hurrying group and exploded in crimson fury. There was an instant's spectacle of a man, almost over it, throwing up his hands to shield his eyes. Other men, punctured by bullets, fell in grotesque agonies." The regiment stopped for breath, and as it saw the gaps the bullets were making in the ranks, faltered and hesitated. The lieutenant worked them forward painfully with volleys of oaths. They

halted behind some trees. Then the lieutenant, with the two young soldiers, made a last effort. They led the regiment, bawling "Come on! come on!" "The flag, obedient to these appeals, bended its glittering form and swept toward them. The men wavered in indecision for a moment, and then, with a long wailing cry, the dilapidated regiment surged forward and began its new journey. Over the field went the scurrying mass. It was a handful of men splattered into the faces of the enemy. Towards it instantly sprang the yellow tongues. A vast quantity of blue smoke hung before them. A mighty banging made ears valueless. The youth ran like a madman to reach the woods before a bullet could discover him. He ducked his head low like a football-player. In his haste his eyes almost closed, and the scene was a wild blur. Pulsating saliva stood at the corners of his mouth." At last the men began to trickle back. In vain the youth carrying the colours aided the lieutenant to rally them. The battered and bruised regiment slowly makes its way back, only to be condemned by the general who had ordered the charge.

Then comes a capital account of the young soldier's reward. Several men hurry up with good news to the hero of the book:—"Th' colonel met your lieutenant right by us. 'Who was the lad that carried the flag?' he ses; an' th' lieutenant he speaks up right away: 'That's Flemin', an' he's a jimhickey,' he ses right away. 'He's a good un', ses th' colonel. 'You bet!' ses th' lieutenant. 'He and a feller named Wilson was at th' head 'a th' charge, an' howlin' like Injins all the time,' he ses. 'My sakes!' ses th' colonel. 'Well, well, well, those two babies'—and the heart of the young soldier swelled with happiness and with affection for the colonel and the youthful lieutenant.

And then, after other desperate charges, the army is withdrawn across the river—nothing apparently accomplished by all their struggles and all their sufferings, and the book closes with a few words on the moral effect of the heavy fighting on the youth. "He found that he could look backward on the brass and bombast of his earlier gospels and see them. He was gleeful when he discovered that he now despised them. With this conviction came a store of assurance. He felt a quiet manhood, non-assertive, but of steady and strong blood. . . . He had been to touch the great death, and found that after all it was but the great death. He was a man." The book is crowded with vivid passages and striking descriptions, often expressed in original and picturesque diction. "A mass of wet grass marched upon rustled like silk"; "A dense wall of smoke settled slowly down. It was furiously slit and slashed by the knife-like fire from the rifles"; Bullets "spanged"; "Bullets buffed into men"; "His dead body lying torn and glittering upon the field." One is not inclined to criticize the giver of such a book; but it will be observed that when the Berserk inspiration is not upon him, Mr. Crane writes as badly as, when his imagination is heated, he writes well—e.g. "Too, the clothes seemed new."

DEAN STANLEY'S LETTERS AND VERSES.

"Letters and Verses of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D."
Edited by Rowland E. Prothero. London: John Murray. 1895.

THE present season has been distinguished by no more remarkable literary feature than by the restoration to favour of a class of work which had gone entirely out of fashion—family correspondence. So many objections to the publication of letters addressed to relatives were recognized to exist, that it seemed taken for granted that no more such collections would be printed. Then, in rapid succession, with that curious revolution of taste which marks human affairs, a lively public interest was shown in those amazing effusions in which the Gurneys of Earlham belauded one another, in the grim letters of D. G. Rossetti to his mother, in Matthew Arnold's family correspondence, and now in the familiar addresses of Stanley to the ladies of his household. The reception which these and other collections have enjoyed has been so warm that we may expect to be overdone with this species of document.

Let it not be forgotten that, in spite of agreeable exceptions, there are many cogent objections to the purely personal letter. A man of resolute temper will rarely write his truest thoughts to his mother and his sisters, and to other close relations his attitude is not likely to be quite unconstrained.

For this volume of Dean Stanley's correspondence, however, we may be entirely grateful. It would be excessive to say that it adds very much to our conception of Stanley as a man, because the testimony of many friends, and, quite lately, Mr. Prothero's exhaustive biography, had made his little, eager figure exceedingly vivid to us. But, in his preface to the present collection, Mr. Prothero admits, with great good-humour, that in his larger book he succumbed to the danger of exaggerating Stanley's absorption in religious controversy. That was a side of his intellectual activity, of course, which was pre-eminently attractive to a large number, perhaps to the majority, of those who were likely to be the readers of his biography. But Arthur Stanley was a great deal more than a liberal churchman contending against disabilities, and to dwell at excessive length on ephemeral controversies is to doom the subject of a life to oblivion. Mr. Prothero has acted with great tact in supplementing his larger work by a volume entirely literary, in which the talent of Stanley is made to assert itself on its most agreeable sides, and on those alone.

We have spoken of these letters as familiar, but they are hardly that. They are, at least, never slipshod, never trivial; in none of them is Stanley allowed to make the public his valet, as Matthew Arnold has lately been allowed. We know not how far this is due to Mr. Prothero's superior tact, but we carry away the impression that Stanley was seldom to be seen in undress; that in writing most easily to an intimate friend, he not only preserved the proprieties of speech, but loved to round his sentences and polish his phrase. This must have been his habit from the first. The few schoolboy letters which Mr. Prothero has printed are as careful and studied as a boy could make them. At the height of his career they present no feature of improvisation, but appear to have flowed from his pen in a finished elegance. We note the very curious statement, which Stanley made to several relations, that after the death of his mother in 1862 he could write no more as heretofore. "A blight has fallen on my powers of writing, at least of writing letters, against which I cannot contend," he tells Mr. Arnold in 1863. This blight passed away, at all events to a considerable extent, but that Stanley should speak of it in this way seems to denote a certain consciousness of deliberation in the act of composing letters, and of this the evidences are manifold.

In one direction we think that the publication of these letters must, or should, be of great advantage to the purely literary reputation of Stanley. As an ecclesiastic, as a controversialist, as a divine, he has hitherto presented sides of his character which are repellent to those who regard no literature with interest except *belles-lettres*. The secular critics of the day have long been content to leave Stanley to his public, which was gradually forgetting him, and to his fellow-clerics, who quarrelled with his views. A company of young poet-reviewers of the present day would probably snort with contempt if any older person present should venture to suggest that Dean Stanley possessed any of that quality which they especially praise in such favourites of the hour as M. Edmond de Goncourt or Pierre Loti. In the narrow circle of our eclecticism no room is left for the praise of a once popular Dean who wrote semi-devotional books about the Holy Land. But a candid critic can scarcely read this volume without recording an impression that Stanley was dowered with one at least of the rarest of literary gifts. He could see, and, in so doing, make us see.

We hesitate to advance the opinion that Stanley was, in a high sense, a stylist. He seldom selects a very brilliant word; he is polished and graceful rather than vivid or luminous. What he aims at and what he reaches is the height of Early Victorian elegance, always a little anæmic, a little prudish. But where he does, so it appears to us, excel almost all his contemporaries, and still retain his power of captivating his readers, is in his gift of visual expression. Uncommon in any age

among Englishmen, this quality was particularly rare among the contemporaries of Stanley—so rare that it was, perhaps, hardly appreciated in him. It was called—hideous phrase!—"word-painting." But the careful reader has only to examine the letters before us to see how richly Stanley was endowed with this peculiar power. He writes of what he has seen with great simplicity and lucidity, without any apparent design save that of making his correspondent see it, and suddenly, as if by magic, the place and action are before us. Examples crowd upon us as we write: we can but instance the wonderful picture, worthy of Horace Walpole at his best (humour alone excluded), of All Souls' Day in the Sistine Chapel; the impression of the Holy House at Loreto; the visit to the Metropolitan Philaret at Moscow; the rapid brilliant sketch, almost in shorthand, of Spurgeon's preaching; the enraptured survey of the sacred island of Rügen. We mention these without special emphasis, and yet not quite at random, because each exemplifies, in a distinct way, the sureness of eye and preciseness of expression of Stanley. We often feel, in reading these pages, that a greater artist, with more sharply polished adjectives and a richer phraseology, might not produce so magical a pictorial effect as Stanley does with his comparatively simple materials.

Another characteristic, of less literary value, disengages itself from this correspondence. We are constantly aware of the feverish sympathetic eagerness which desires to be present at all crises, to have shared all experiences, to have seen all sights, which yet is immediately tempered by a sort of moral timidity or delicacy which can endure no sights, experiences, crises, but such as are pure and of good report. An unfeigned air of willing innocence—such as, indeed, was far more common fifty years ago than it is now—breathes from every utterance of Stanley. It is equally present in the recently published correspondence of Matthew Arnold, but is less interesting there than it is here, because of Stanley's greater sensitiveness to external impressions. Keenly alive to all that is picturesque, unusually liberal and cosmopolitan in temper, burning with curiosity, he yet never seems to allow his attention to settle for a moment on anything ugly, violent, or abnormal. The type is curious—delicate, elegant, lovable, but a little thin and superficial, if judged by our modern standards.

We have hitherto spoken exclusively of the letters, and have not mentioned the verses. It is because we think the former of genuine value and the latter of little interest. Stanley was a graceful versifier, with the accomplished ease which the constant habit of studying the best native and classical models brings with it. He is rarely inept, although we smile at the assurance that Mrs. Grote may accept a valentine from the Dean in 1878, "though Turk has failed and Pope has died," events which probably left that lady calm. We think that the famous "Oxon-Exon" epigram has been overpraised; were it shorter, it might be neater. We have only to compare Stanley's verses with those of friends for whose poetical gifts he felt but a guarded approval, Clough and Matthew Arnold, to feel how far he is removed from any claim to be called a poet.

THE CHINA-JAPAN WAR.

"The China-Japan War." Compiled from Japanese, Chinese, and Foreign Sources. By Vladimir, lately of the * * * * Diplomatic Mission to Corea. Illustrated. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co. 1896.

THE author of this work has chosen to conceal his identity under a pseudonym, and there is nothing in the contents of the volume to indicate either his nationality or his individuality. But whoever he may be, he has written a plain, dispassionate account of the late war which has so completely upset the balance of power in Eastern Asia. There were few who imagined when the strife began that it would be destined to bring into existence a Power which was peremptorily to force its way into the first rank of nations; and there were not many who foresaw the complete collapse of the Chinese army. "Vladimir" devotes the first eighty-seven pages of his volume to a record of the recent political events in Korea. This was necessary to explain the origin of the conflict.

But in doing so he lays, in our opinion, too much stress on the preliminary hostility of Japan towards China. If China could have brought herself to have joined hands with Japan in reforming the corrupt and degraded political system in Korea, she would have found ready allies in the Government of the Mikado. The real fear that oppressed Japan was that Russia, taking advantage of the disorganized condition of the Korean Government, would cross the river which forms the boundary between the two countries, and would possess herself *vi et armis* of as large a slice of Korean coast-line as might suit her purpose.

Rightly or wrongly, the Japanese considered that the presence of Russian ports vis-à-vis the coast of Japan would constitute a standing menace to their country. And the main object of the war was to create a buffer State which would be strong enough to form a barrier against Russian aggression. But with Vladimir's narrative of events during the war no fault is to be found, except that in some cases we could wish that his record had been fuller. His account of the first naval engagement in which the "Kowshing" transport was sunk, carrying to the bottom a thousand of China's best troops, is graphically and accurately told.

With the opening of the campaign in Korea began a series of engagements, many of which read like pages from the operas of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan. The first battle was fought in the neighbourhood of Asan, where Oshima commanded the Japanese troops and Yeh the Chinese forces. The Chinese on this occasion outnumbered the Japanese, and were entrenched in a remarkably strong position, which, however, in their eyes had one obvious disadvantage. It left no outlet for retreat. They were between the Japanese and the deep sea. This, in Yeh's opinion, was intolerable. He, therefore, led off a portion of his troops before the arrival of the Japanese, and, following a circuitous route, succeeded eventually in forming a junction with other Chinese armies at Phyöng-yang. In his report to the Emperor this veracious commander stated that, having vanquished the Japanese in battle, he had executed a strategic movement by which he had been enabled to join forces with the several Chinese divisions which were pouring into the peninsula from the north. The immediate effect of this bold perversion of history was that Yeh received the thanks of his Imperial master, who conferred upon him "a white jade stone peacock-feather-fastener, a flint stone, an embroidered pouch, and a small knife, as marks of the extraordinary benevolence and graciousness of the Emperor." Twenty thousand taels were at the same time sent him for distribution among his gallant troops, and the Empress forwarded to him forty cases of medical herbs to preserve the health of his heroes in the malarious climate of Korea. The results of Yeh's march on the remnant which remained at Asan were as disastrous as they had been in his case profitable. The Japanese met with no very sturdy or prolonged resistance, and the town, with its stores and munitions of war, easily fell into their hands.

Meanwhile Yeh, who had been further promoted to be Generalissimo in Korea, took command of the forces assembled at Phyöng-yang, which consisted, besides his own troops, of three divisions, commanded by Generals Wei, Ma, and Tso. Wei was a man after Yeh's own heart; he was an arrant coward, and was notoriously corrupt. Ma and Tso were of quite another metal. They were brave honest men, who were determined to fight to the death in defence of their country's honour. Having found flight so profitable at Asan, Yeh determined to execute a similar movement from Phyöng-yang so soon as danger should appear imminent, and the Japanese had not done more than open their attack upon the town when he marched his division out of the north gate, and halted not till he reached Manchurian territory. Thinking that he could not do better than follow the example of this great strategist, Wei led his troops northward by the same road; and thus Ma and Tso were left to bear the brunt of the assault. They fought bravely, and did all that men could do with the materials at their command. For some hours they successfully resisted the onslaught of the Japanese, and were finally killed at the head of their troops in defending the doomed city. It is some

satisfaction to know that the truth concerning both Yeh and Wei eventually became known, and that both those poltroons have since been beheaded. "Vladimir" does not enter into all these details, but contents himself with recording the military features of the campaign. His account of the naval battle at the Yalu, in which the Chinese lost four ships, is excellent, and leads one to suppose that his profession is more nearly allied to the navy than to the army.

One of the most remarkable features of the war was the evidence of the very matured scheme of campaign that dominated the whole course of the conflict. Each battle was but an incident in the well-thought-out plan for the conquest of Korea. And, as in the case of the Prussian army during the Prussian and Austrian war of 1867, every movement seems to have been directed from the War Office in the capital. Phyöng-yang was no sooner taken than, with scarcely a halt, the main body of troops marched northwards to the Yalu. Here, if ever, the Chinese had an opportunity of checking the advance of the Japanese. But, with the curious fatality which seemed to accompany all their manœuvres, they allowed the Japanese to cross the river without the loss of a man. In Manchuria the Japanese met with very little resistance. As they advanced the Chinese retreated; and if they ever made a stand, as they did at Haicheng, their efforts were contemptible. On that occasion "the Chinese commenced firing at daybreak, and continued until nightfall (?): as they never approached closer than 16,000 metres, the Japanese did not answer up till noon, in the vain hope of encouraging the enemy to advance. But the Chinese were not to be caught by this artful trick, and kept firing from a safe distance. About 1 P.M. the Japanese, finding it useless to wait, pushed forward their artillery, and a brisk cannonade soon threw the Chinese into disorder, and they commenced a retreat which was hastened by the advance of the Japanese infantry." "Vladimir" considers this to be "the most ridiculous battle on record." But its follies might readily be matched by those of numberless engagements during the war.

"Vladimir's" description of the capture of Port Arthur is accurate and full; and he lingers with evident relish over the gallant efforts of Admiral Ting, at a later period, to save Wei-hai-wei from falling into the hands of the conqueror. In an appendix to his volume he gives amongst other State Papers the letters which passed between Admirals Ito and Ting. These two commanders had been friends of long standing, and Ito had evidently a genuine regard for his gallant antagonist. With a morality which was biased by friendship, he wrote to advise Ting to give up the struggle, which must necessarily be futile, and to take refuge in Japan until the war was over. But Ting was made of sterner stuff than to yield to such arguments, and he returned no answer until it became necessary to open negotiations for the surrender of the port. "Now, however," he wrote, "having fought resolutely, having had my ships sunk and my men decimated, I am minded to give up the contest, and to ask for a cessation of hostilities in order to save the lives of my people. I will surrender to Japan the ships of war now in Wei-hai-wei harbour, together with the Liukung Island forts and the armaments, provided that my request be complied with—namely, that the lives of all persons connected with the army and navy, Chinese and foreign, be spared, and that they be allowed to return to their homes." In reply to this letter Ito wrote accepting the surrender, and at the same time forwarded to Ting a case of wine. This Ting returned with a letter, in which he wrote:—"I have also to express gratitude for the things you sent, but as the state of war existing between our countries makes it difficult for me to receive them, I beg to return them herewith, though I thank you for the thought."

As is well known, Ting, so soon as he had arranged for the surrender of the place, committed suicide, an example which was followed by the two next officers in command. It is pleasant to record that Ito temporarily restored the "Kangchi," a ship captured from the Chinese, that it might carry the remains of the gallant Admiral with all honour to Chefoo. In curious contrast to the patriotic conduct of Ting was the childish action of the Taotai Niu, who succeeded Ting in com-

mand. With strange infelicity, this official wrote to Ito begging that the "Kuang-ping" should be returned to the Chinese, on the ridiculous plea that it belonged to the Kuang-tung (Canton) squadron, and that "Kuang-tung had nothing to do with the present war." It is needless to say that this silly proposal was ignored by the Japanese admiral.

"Vladimir's" volume is largely illustrated, but these are the least effective pages in the work. The facts are carefully arranged, and the appendix forms a valuable official record of the war and of the peace negotiations which followed.

A SON OF THE MARSHES.

"The Wild-Fowl and Sea-Fowl of Great Britain." By a Son of the Marshes. Edited by J. A. Owen. With Illustrations by Bryan Hook. London: Chapman & Hall. 1895.

THE "Son," in his last book, takes us outside of the old familiar ground. The spirit of the Kentish marsh followed and has continued to haunt him in his second home in the interior; not the less have long years and accumulated experience made him a son of the Surrey hills. At present the unforgotten marsh and the intimate hills content him no longer. It is his first adventure of the kind, and to one of two motives must it be set down. Either he has exhausted his original material before breaking himself of a habit, acquired late in life, of writing books; or else he has succeeded in persuading himself that something in his manner, he knows not what, took the public ear; and that he is no longer bound to keep to the former narrow limits. Now his manner has never been wholly agreeable, even in his best moments. Occasionally, when writing with something approaching to enthusiasm, and with a very full knowledge of his subject, as in the fine chapter on "No Man's Land," in one of the Surrey books, there was a quaint rude force and a freshness that was very taking. This, so far as the writing goes, was his highest merit. The public read and admired his books because of the matter they contained; and they respected the writer for his manifest sincerity and patient life-long devotion to his subject and intimate knowledge of the wild creatures he described. And so long as he has anything new and interesting to tell, he will have readers who will not find fault with the telling. It is a different matter when he undertakes to retell old familiar facts in his laboured homely sentences. And there is no doubt that he feels the strangeness of the task. There is neither freshness nor force in the writing. He becomes increasingly platitudinous and oracular. "There is a very old and true saying, that time and tide wait for no man"—the frequent occurrence of remarks of this kind causes one to wonder where the editorial supervision is supposed to come in. For an average specimen of the humorous observation take the following:—"Ask anybody who has been bitten by an otter how he likes it, and you will probably hear some strong language." He indulges more and more in the most stupid gibes at "Scientists" and "Evolutionists"—to his non-progressive mind a sort of fearful wild fowl, about which "the least said the better." Worst of all, he continually takes refuge in the clumsy device of hinting at special knowledge, which comes to him in some roundabout mysterious way, and which the public would be only too glad to worm out of him, but which, "for reasons that every naturalist will understand," he prefers to hide in his own breast. He would do no harm to the red-breasted merganser, ruff and reeve, and the other species he mentions, by proclaiming these hidden matters from the house-tops. It is plain that the "Son" was about the last man to produce a useful or readable work which professes to be a handbook of the wild-fowl and sea-fowl of the British Islands, or, as he has it, of Great Britain.

To pass from the species he does not know, and has "looked up" in Montagu, Yarrell, Seebohm, Howard Saunders, Abel Chapman, and other authors whose works are in every ornithologist's library, to the species which he does know, is like coming out of one of his own quaking "mashes" on to firm ground. And he

certainly knows many of the species included in this work—the curlew, stone-plover, ring-plover, mallard, coot, moorhen, water-rail, sheldrake, redshank, and many more. About all these species he has said so much in former books that he has little new to tell. It is mostly a repetition. Writing of these birds, he drops at once into the old go-as-you-please narrative style, with bits of dialect; ancient reminiscences of his boyhood: of the innkeeper, the village humourist and his "agur mixtur," which meant gin; and of Curley, and Baulk, who met with strange adventures when in pursuit of "Jipes," as he called the bittern; and of the unhappy Splashey, who burst his gun, and fell into the ooze, and met with so many other disasters. All this was well enough in the "Annals of a Fishing Village," and some of the books that followed, but is out of place in the present work; furthermore, we must confess to being a little tired of yarns about Splashey and his companions; and, assuming that they are all dead and buried, we think it would be as well to let them now rest in peace.

We sincerely hope that in his next book the "Son" will take us back to the rich and beautiful country that lies round Dorking. Why should he pine to leave it? Gilbert White was satisfied to keep within the "vast parish of Selborne."

The book is well got up, and exceedingly well illustrated. Mr. Bryan Hook is an artist as well as an ornithologist, and sees nature with a poetic eye. Many a man will feel strongly tempted to buy a worthless book for the sake of these twelve full-page illustrations of wild-bird life.

FICTION.

"Sleeping Fires." By George Gissing. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1895.

MR. GISSING'S new book will astonish his admirers. It is totally unlike anything we have read of his before. Apparently, so far as method goes, he has been studying Mrs. Hungerford, "John Strange Winter," Mr. Norris, and the "Young Ladies' Journal." The result is a grammatical novelette. Langley and the widow Lady Revill, loved long ago, and did not marry, because she was pure-minded, and Langley, albeit a bachelor, was a father. So she married an elderly baronet to mortify the flesh. Afterwards, unknown to Langley, she adopted the boy. Then, in the simple way of novelettes, the father and the son meet at Athens, and the reader is amazed at the stupidity of Langley and the world generally, in ignoring the glaring, the scandalous likeness upon which Mr. Gissing insists. The son dies, and the widow and Langley rejuvenesce and marry. In addition to the story, there is a curious flavour of purpose in this book which is strange in Mr. Gissing's work. Instead of being driven by the inevitabilities of character, these people move just as Mr. Grant Allen's Hill Top populace moves, on the strings of principle. Lady Revill is respectable, religious, and given to making herself miserable, out of sheer righteousness, and the backbone of the book is her conversion to a belated joyousness. It would be a commonplace story from any one but Mr. Gissing. From him it is possibly something more than an artistic lapse; it may be the indication of a change of attitude. We must confess that the possibility of a gospel of Greek delight from this minute and melancholy observer of the lower middle-class fills us with anything but agreeable anticipations.

"The Three Impostors." By Arthur Machen. London: John Lane. 1895.

Mr. Machen is an unfortunate man. He has determined to be weird, horrible, and as outspoken as his courage permits in an age which is noisily resolved to be "ealthy" to the pitch of blatancy. His particular obsession is a kind of infernal matrimonial agency, and the begetting of human-diabolical mules. He has already skirted the matter in his previous book, the "Great God Pan," and here we find it well to the fore again. This time, however, it simply supplies one of a group of incoherent stories held together in a frame of wooden narrative about a young man with spectacles. This young man falls into a circle of Black Magicians, who are practising indecorums and crimes at which Mr. Machen

dare only hint in horror-struck whispers. Aghast—all Mr. Machen's characters are aghast sooner or later—the young man takes to flight, and, instead of informing the police, runs to and fro about London, trying to hide. The chase assumes this form: Again and again a Mr. Dyson sees the young man, and again and again this Mr. Dyson is accosted by people who tell him stories, remotely apropos of the unhappy fugitive. They are members of the secret society, and bent apparently upon inciting Mr. Dyson to murder him. Mr. Dyson proving sluggish, the young man in spectacles is caught by other hands, tied down to the floor of a deserted house in the west of London, and live coals are, very properly, piled upon his chest. He smells of cooking, and perishes, and the ubiquitous Mr. Dyson comes in and sees his remains. Tableau. "They clung hard to one another, shuddering at the sight they saw," did Mr. Dyson and Mr. Philipps, his friend. That is the climax of Mr. Machen's invention; he ends there. Other effects are the murder of a respectable citizen, whose remains are, for no earthly reason, outraged by being incontinently mummified; a man who, also for no earthly reason, vanishes; a witches' meeting in California; the inventor of an instrument of torture caught in his own trap, and the mongrel creature already alluded to. Mr. Machen has one simple expedient whereby he seeks to develop his effects. He piles them up very high, and makes his characters horror-struck at them. This kind of thing:—

"He seemed to pour forth an infamous jargon, with words, or what seemed words, that might have belonged to a tongue dead since untold ages, and buried deep beneath Nilotic mud, or in the inmost recesses of the Mexican forest. For a moment the thought passed through my mind, as my ears were still revolted by that infernal clamour, 'Surely this is the very speech of hell'; and then I cried out again and again, and ran away shuddering to my inmost soul."

But it fails altogether to affect the reader as it is meant to do. It fails mainly because Mr. Machen has not mastered the necessary trick of commonplace detail which renders horrors convincing, and because he lacks even the most rudimentary conception of how to individualize characters. The framework of the book is evidently imitated from Mr. Stevenson's "New Arabian Nights," a humorous form quite unsuited, of course, to realistic horrors. Mr. Machen writes with care and a certain whimsical choice of words, so that his style is at least distinctive.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Echoes of the Playhouse." By Edward Robins, jun. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1895.

THREE-FOURTHS of this volume are cuttings from Cibber, Walpole, and Tom Davies; and three-fourths of the remaining fourth of original matter might well have been got rid of by the simple process of pruning the superfluous adjectives and adverbs. A very handy, readable, if not extraordinarily interesting book would then have been left. As it is, the book is useful, inasmuch as it brings within two covers a good deal of information that has hitherto been scattered over the works of its original gatherers. But it becomes tedious to read, whenever Dr. Johnson must be mentioned, of "the sage of Grub Street," or "the weighty Doctor, with all his prejudices and arrogance." Mr. Edward Robins, jun., cannot even describe Betterton's father without remarking that he held "the respectable but not particularly exalted position of an undercook in the kitchen of Charles I." We hear of "Hamlet" being played with Betterton as "the melancholy hero"; of "the senile Lear"; of "the talented grandnephew of Shakespeare" (meaning Hart); of "the faithful Admiralty secretary" (Pepys); of Savage, "the curious literary individual"; while Garrick is elegantly referred to once as "the future Roscius," again as "the new Roscius," and finally as "the Titan of the stage." Needless to say, Shakespeare is inflicted upon us as the Immortal Bard of Avon, but happily we are spared the Swan. There are some odd misprints. Jeremy Collier would indeed be surprised to hear of a work called "A Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage"; and we are awaiting with some eagerness further information with regard to "Macaulay" and a town known to Mr. Edward Robins, jun., as "Litchfield." But in spite of its prolixity, its infelicitous adjectives, and its distinctive spelling, the book, we say, has its interest, especially for those who have mastered the art of skipping. Some of the anecdotes are fatuous, but one or two are sufficiently pungent. This of Bracegirdle, for instance: "Her virtue was extolled as much as

her talents, and so deep an impression did she make by the possession of the former quality . . . that Lord Halifax and his friends made up a purse of 800 guineas, which they presented to her as a slight testimonial of their regard—and surprise." And that of Garrick and his brother is sentimental in a graceful way. The lesser Garrick worshipped the greater, and on returning to the theatre, after ever so brief an absence, used to ask, "Has my brother wanted me?" The greater died on 20 January, 1779, and the lesser two days later; whereupon "a friend said, wittily but tenderly, 'His brother wanted him.'"

"Verdi, et son Œuvre." Par le Prince de Valori. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1895.

A really extraordinary book, of which (it is stated on the cover) all the rights are reserved—somewhat unnecessarily.

"Wagner's Heroes." By Constance Maud. London: Edward Arnold. 1895.

Ever since Charles and Mary Lamb did their wonderful tales out of Shakespeare, young men and women in variously advanced degrees of silliness have given us tales out of all the well-known authors, until at last the experienced reviewer has learnt to dread a book whose title threatens him with a fresh dose of the old overpowering ineptitude. Happily, no one need tremble before Miss Constance Maud's "Wagner's Heroes," despite its suspicious name. Miss Maud has been at the trouble to read the old legends of Parsifal, Tannhäuser, and Lohengrin, and the more or less legendary history of Hans Sachs; and here she has set them all forth, primarily for children, certainly, but in such a manner that the book may be read with some pleasure by older folk—more especially if they have been taken by their advanced sons and daughters to see some of Wagner's operas, and have not known very clearly what they are all about. Miss Maud gives us not only such of the history of her heroes as appears in the music-dramas, but a good deal that takes place before the curtain rises, or between the acts. Thus we read about Parsifal, Amfortas, Gurnemanz, Klingsor, and the rest, and note how it all dovetails into the part of the story which Wagner sets upon the stage; thus also with Tannhäuser, Lohengrin, and Hans Sachs. Every one who has seen these operas will be interested in Miss Maud's book; and every one who reads the book will find afterwards a greater interest in the operas.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

THE "Nineteenth Century" is less weighty and correspondingly brighter than usual. It is needless to say that "The Ugliness of Modern Life" is entertaining. To read an article by Ouida is as exhilarating as going on a spree and breaking lamps, pulling off knockers and ringing area bells. It is an exalted rowdyism; and if those who are taken in by her tirades enjoy them half so much as the others who can see the nonsense prancing in every sentence, Ouida may well be proud. The author herself supplies us with the best argument against her contention. For if such a cultivated lover of beauty has never perceived the loveliness of Regent's Park, if her heart does not leap up when she catches a foreshortened view of the fairy-wheel at Earl's Court from the platform of Clapham Junction, if her eyes have not yet learned the value of a brilliant hoarding in our mysterious and romantic London landscape (to take three of her instances of "ugliness"), why should we believe her statement that the common workman in former days enjoyed the grace of gargoyles, ogives, and crenellated walls? Excellent, too, in another way, is the conscious entertainment afforded by Mrs. Stephen Batson. She draws a delicious picture of the Laywoman at the Hall who, when she returns to the country parish after an absence of several months, tired out "with the pleasures she loves to call by the name of duty," "cheerfully announces that 'we' must all get to work now with a will, to make up for lost time." In answer to Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Leslie Stephen contributes a powerful criticism of Butler, proving at any rate the danger of applying human reasoning to defend a revealed religion. In answer to Mr. Lyulph Stanley, Mr. Diggle protests against the policy of "spending everybody's money in teaching nobody's religion," and Mr. Riley insists that "the religion taught to a child in a public elementary school should be not the religion of a majority of the ratepayers, or of a particular teacher, but that of the parent." The Rev. J. Guinness Rogers traces the growing influence of Nonconformists in politics since the Anti-Corn-Law agitation, and Dr. Jessop points out certain reforms which should be considered before the call to "defend" the Church is blindly obeyed. To those who know exactly what he is aiming at, and can keep the object in view through the maze of facts, Mr. James Long's "Can the Empire Feed its People?" will be interesting. Mr. Gennadius doubts whether Erasmus was quite serious in his treatise on the pronunciation of Greek, and boldly states that it does not much matter if he was. Professor Salmoné has hopes of Young Turkey. Then comes Mr. Edward Dicey's plea for arbitration on the Venezuelan boundary question; Mr. H. M. Stanley's admirable article on the same subject we have already dealt with. It is nothing less than a special providence that the Transvaal affair happened just

too late for January. It is a relief to have a whole clear month in which to prepare a bold front to the flood of views which February will bring.

And the same sense of relief comes to us in turning to Major Ricarde-Seaver's second article in the "Fortnightly" on "Boer, Briton and Africander in the Transvaal." Here we have a cool statement of facts, and a prophecy undisturbed by the sudden and sensational turn of affairs. Two points in the interesting article will especially strike the ordinarily ignorant reader. First, Captain Jameson's move cannot have astonished Major Ricarde-Seaver as much as it did most persons; for he foresaw that the Volunteer force of the Chartered Company might "be required" to make "a demonstration," though he expected nothing more violent. And, secondly, he tells us that President Kruger is largely led by Germans at Pretoria. The best article in this not particularly exciting issue is by "Hibernicus." Political intrigues and mistakes explained from the inside are always highly fascinating to the general reader, who only hears vaguely of effects and unrealities from his newspaper; and this little piece of history, which justifies Mr. Healy as against the "Incapables," who were out-maneuvred by the English Radicals, is decidedly worth reading. Mr. Diggle is better in the "Fortnightly," where he urges the thorough organization of non-Board schools, than in the "Nineteenth Century," where he "slangs" Mr. Lyulph Stanley. Mr. J. Dundas White, in the course of illustrating statistically the other side of the School question, suggests a plan which would enable Churchmen to have their children taught in their own religion. For the giving of religious instruction, the manager of any Board School should be obliged to allow suitable accommodation to those religious teachers who could secure a certain minimum attendance of the scholars. Mr. Richard Davey's review of the ecclesiastical functionaries in Turkey is amusing; but we should rather like to see what a visitor fresh from Constantinople might make of our religious outside. Mr. J. S. Rubinstein, talking of the defects in the existing system of civil proceedings in the Superior Courts, points out that much delay and expense arises from the incapacity of the judge, who may have been raised to the Bench, not for his knowledge, but for political reasons. Moreover, he is of opinion that the Incorporated Law Society (that is, solicitors, and not the judges) should have the framing of rules regulating procedure. Mr. H. F. Leach tells the history of the marvellous feast of the Boy Bishop, "a fusion of the Juvenilis of the Saturnalia with the cult of St. Nicholas of Syra." Mr. Russell P. Jacobus translates some passages from the work of M. Maurice Barrès, as one of the chief expounders of the gospel of egoism. Mr. Rafiuddin Ahmad adds to the list of Canon MacColl's blunders—an easy feat.

Except for its three opening articles, the "Contemporary" is more arid than need be. It is to be doubted whether the first article, Mr. E. J. Dillon's appeal on behalf of Armenia, certainly not arid, will have the effect he expects. The English public, as Mr. Dillon deplures, have somehow grown callous on the subject; they are past being "roused," though they might be affected by cool reasoning on a separate point. England is bound by her promises to see justice done to Armenia; she has not seen to it. A Christian people is being maltreated by Infidels. Cruelties are being committed which no civilized country can put up with. These three arguments may not exclude one another; but the public has passed the period when it could be roused by having all of them cast in its face at once. The reconstruction from his plays of incidents in Shakespeare's life, is a perpetual source of amusement, and Mr. Stefansson brings forward facts no less amazingly than his predecessors when he proves that the author of "Hamlet" visited Denmark. Mr. Howard tells the story of his five weeks' adventures with the Cuban insurgents, and warns newspaper readers against the accounts of Spanish victories. Mr. Macnamara, through the smoke of the usual skirmishing, puts forward a proposal resembling the suggestion of Mr. Dundas White:—"The present system of giving religious instruction shall be perpetuated as the basis"; but wherever there is a genuine demand on the part of a parent, the child may receive other religious instruction from an outsider at certain fixed times. Mr. Mallock objects to the narrowness of Mr. Herbert Spencer's "great man theory." Evolution, "the reasonable sequence of the unintended," does not explain everything, for the great man "intends," and Mr. Mallock goes on to argue, against Mr. Kidd, that the counterpart to the survival of the fittest in the physiological world is "the domination" of the fittest in the social world. Mr. Gosse contributes a portrait of Lord De Tabley. Sir Edward Russell, in his hopeful "The Liberal New Year," allows that the filling up of the cup was a mistake, and that the Government should have dissolved on the rejection of the Home Rule Bill. Mr. H. G. B. Atkinson repeats three grievances of the curate; he is the creature of the incumbent; the unbeneficed have no progressive stipend, and no seat in Convocation and on the various committees.

The "National Review" is of no great account this month either. The necessary article on the Voluntary Schools is not interesting, or novel, or particularly well put. Every line of propaganda is, of course, useful to the party whose claims are

being upheld; but an article in a review requires something more to justify it than Mr. E. R. Woodhouse has vouchsafed. Mr. Sidney Low is rather long coming to his point—namely, that the armed peace of the future means naval armaments always ready for war and not the more slowly mobilized land forces. But Mr. Moreton Frewen's paper on American politics is a good example of the right kind of article on a burning question. It is not a piece of amateur foreign politics written in the superiority of the first person—a prophetic admonition to Her Majesty's Ministers. He deals with facts, with history—naturally his facts and his history. After a short review of the Venezuelan affair, in which he grants that the Monroe Doctrine, though it does not come in at all, is justly sacred, more sacred even than Mr. Cleveland appeared to hold when he allowed that Venezuela of her own free will might make any terms she liked with England, he goes on to tell the story of corruption of parties which led the President to make his *coup*. Mr. Frederick Greenwood certainly scores a point for his own contentions by the invention of the word "squeeze." The danger which besets isolated England is not war, but squeeze. War is so terrible that civilization will hardly stand it; but "the greater the reluctance to give the word for slaughter, the stronger the prompting for combination to squeeze." And England, with her valuable property and her prudence and illusions, is particularly fitted to be squeezed. The Dean of Norwich, in a long eighteen pages, appeals for a National Church Sustentation Fund to relieve the poor clergy. The existing charities instituted for the purpose would gain by organization; but, as charities, they cannot take the place of a fund which should be collected to pay the clergyman a fair wage for his work. Mr. Francis Darwin suggests that the co-operative kitchen might go some way to make housekeeping easier; "An Editor" laughs at Sir Walter Besant and the virtues he claims for the literary agent; Mr. Hartley Withers complains that our system of taxation is not sufficiently amusing, and Mr. James Hooper contributes some biographical notes on Borrow.

And even the "New Review" is hardly as grateful reading as usual. There is something unpleasant in the tone of Z's "The Monroe Doctrine." The state of affairs which led to the two original Messages of Mr. Monroe affords an interesting historical study. But, except in an official sort of way, you have not got much further when you have shown that these original conditions have ceased to exist. Z is tackling an opponent, he brings in his history to overthrow him, but you cannot really do that unless you try to find out what *he* means when he uses words. The anonymous author of "Made in Germany" shows that German industry is gaining all along the line, while the English is declining, and maintains, in the face of notable economists, that this is a grave danger. It will be interesting to see what remedies he will propose in later articles. "Imperialist" contributes a refreshing warning against the purely commercial view of politics which is so liable to be short-sighted. India, he says, has again and again been sacrificed to Lancashire; and England's prestige in India so largely depends on the absolute belief in her integrity. There is one really charming piece of work in the Review, Mr. G. W. Steevens' monologues of Mæcenas, Agrippa, and Augustus. Every schoolboy has had an admiration of some sort for Agrippa, and Mr. Steevens is very tender in his picture of the dear, simple, brave old man. The polished cynicism of that most baffling person, Augustus, and the complacency and self-importance of Mæcenas are excellently, brilliantly done. And it was a master-stroke to put the sentiment of the humbugging, priggish headmaster in the mouth of Mæcenas, complaining to his cook of a certain sauce, "It is incompetence such as yours whose ill effects Rome has struggled eight lustrums to efface." Readers of reviews are thankful, perhaps, for small mercies; but it would be difficult to overpraise "Three Cameos." Mr. George Wyndham, in an enthusiastic appreciation of Mr. Crane's "The Red Badge of Courage," remarks that "to be jostled on a platform when you have lost your luggage and missed your train on an errand of vital importance gives a truer pre-taste of war than any field-day." Mr. H. G. Wells contributes an admirably close study of the impressions felt by a man undergoing an operation.

The writer of an interesting article in "Blackwood's" draws attention to the false light in which the affairs of the American Rebellion have been represented in popular histories—on both sides of the Atlantic. If England made blunders, it should be remembered that her colonial policy between 1763-76 "was the most liberal policy then in operation among colonizing nations." Mr. A. C. Cassatt, in the "Forum," goes into the original two statements of Mr. Monroe with some detail, and concludes that the doctrine cannot "to-day have any influence upon the policy of the United States towards the remainder of the American continent, much less the potent and far-reaching influence which is claimed for it by many writers and speakers." The "Badminton Magazine" has an article on Bull-fighting in Lima, a much less bloody sport than the Spanish bull-fights. The instantaneous photographs bear out Mr. Otis Mygatt's statements as to the skill and agility of the fighters. The "Investors' Review" opens with a warning against the small margin of cash reserve which banks allow themselves, and the quarterly Supplement publishes an 81-page list of securities, with prices, dividends, and remarks.

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